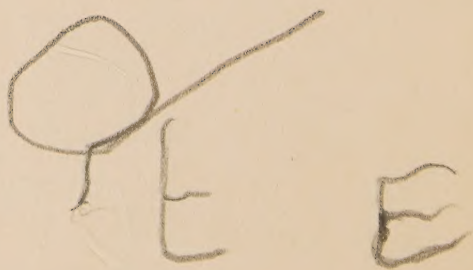
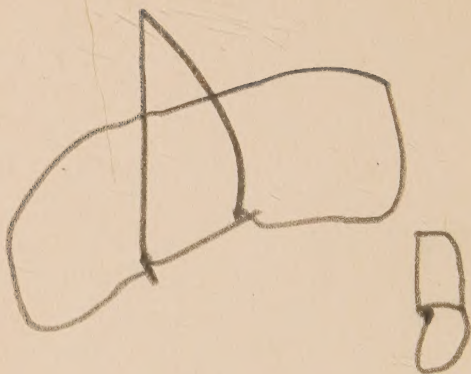


IT IS TO LAUGH
A BOOK OF JOKES

S.E. KISER



IT IS TO LAUGH

A book of jokes

By

S. E. KISER

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GEORGE SULLY AND COMPANY

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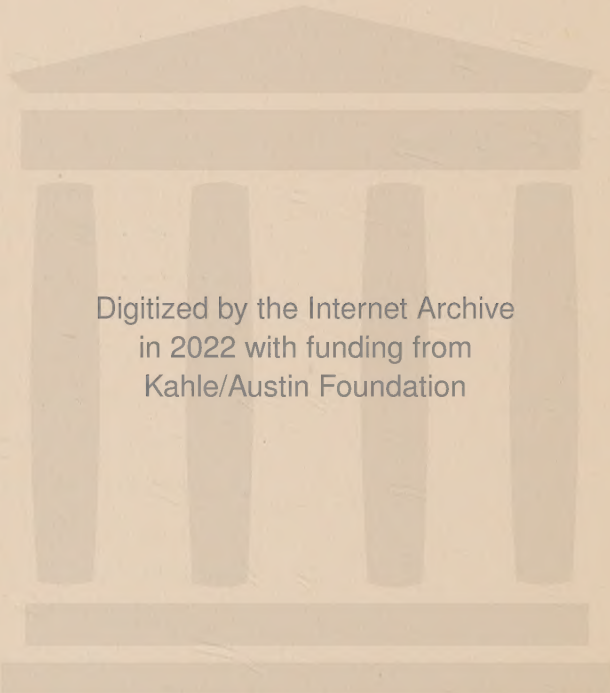
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Oh, Say, Can You See?

Jack.—Hello! There goes Grace Legsleigh. I don't see much of her now-a-days.

George.—What's the matter with your eyes? I see a lot of her every time she passes.

ASK ME ANOTHER

HIGH AND DRY

"No, I'm proud to say that I haven't a drop of anything intoxicating in my house. I never carry anything on my hip, and, since Prohibition has been written into the Constitution, I'd be unworthy of my citizenship if I didn't obey the law to the letter."

"I'm with you on that, old man. I can't afford to pay the price the bootleggers are charging for the stuff, either."

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

"I am ninety-six years old," he said. "I never used tobacco in any way. I never tasted whiskey or any other strong liquor. I never stayed up late at night, never spent money foolishly, and I've worked hard all my life."

"How much did you win?" the college boy asked.

"Win?"

"Yes. Weren't you doing it on a bet?"

READY FOR THE EMERGENCY

"If I'm unable to get home this evening," he said, "I'll send you a note."

"Never mind," his wife replied. "I found it last night in your pocket."

Ask Me Another

A FAULTY MEMORY

"Do you remember that evening, long ago," asked the still charming widow, "when you and I walked in the gloaming?"

"I remember the swamp we walked into," replied the old bachelor, "but I don't recall the gloaming."

MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE

They were eating in a place where something else than tea was served in teacups."

"I've a darn good notion," said Wimps, "to buy this place."

"Wait till we've had a couple more," replied Rowley, "and I'll sell it to you."

A BIT DISTURBING

"Do you hear that woman next door pounding? It's getting on my nerves."

"I wouldn't let anything like that disturb me, if I were in your place."

"You would if she had just borrowed your silver mounted hairbrush."

THE VIRTUOSO

"And is there any instrument that you play?" asked the lady who was pressing her guests into service to provide entertainment.

"Not away from home," Jenkins replied.

"Oh, that's queer. What do you play at home?"

"Second fiddle."

THE HELPING HAND

"I'm so glad to meet your husband again," she said. "He once made an impassioned plea for my hand."

"I don't believe it," the other woman replied.

"Believe it or not, as you please. He had fallen into a manhole."

HE SHOULD WORRY

"It's too bad about your nephew," said Moseley. "I understand that he is threatened with total deafness."

"Oh, he doesn't mind it much," replied Bunson. "He spent four years at Harvard, and thinks he has heard all that's worth hearing."

NOT EVEN A TWINGE

"Doctor," the enraged woman scolded, when she had a chance to speak, "your sign says you're a painless dentist!"

"My sign is perfectly correct," the dentist replied. "I haven't a pain in me anywhere."

A SUBJECT FOR THE OCULIST

A near-sighted man had lost his hat, in a high wind, and was chasing it briskly. Several times he almost had it, but always it was whisked away again. Presently a woman called from the door of a farm house:

"What are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to get my hat," the man replied.

"There it is, over in the fence corner. Go and get it, and quit chasing that hen around."

Ask Me Another

HIS FEARS BANISHED

An aviator, having been forced to come down in a strange, wild country, was wondering whether there was any danger of his being attacked and perhaps murdered by savages, when suddenly he heard the sound of human voices.

Crouching low, and taking care to make no noise, he crept toward the spot from which the sound had seemed to come.

At length he reached the edge of a little clearing in the jungle, and at that moment he heard a man roar:

"Why in hell did you trump my ace?"

"Thank heaven, they're Christians!" said the relieved airman.

A PLAIN, BLUNT MAN

"Have I made myself plain?" asked the lawyer, after he had propounded a lengthy hypothetical question.

"Well, if you haven't, Nature certainly has," replied the fair witness.

AN OBLIGING SOUL

"We are holding an indignation meeting in the town hall tonight, Major Bluff. Will you join us?"

"Certainly. Glad to. What are you indignant about?"

DON'T BE FOOLED

The man who says he would rather have a tooth pulled than sit for a photograph means it just as sincerely as a girl means it when she says: "Oh, no, don't call a taxi. We can ride in a street car."

NO ARGUMENT THERE

"You are the only girl I ever loved," he said.

"And you are the only fellow I ever believed when he told me that," she replied.

WELL, SOMETHING LIKE THAT

"Ah, a rose between two thorns," said the village cut-up when Mrs. Gabble had seated herself between Crabb and Crotchett.

"I should call it a tongue sandwich," replied Deacon Sparks.

KEEPING IT DARK

"You didn't tell me the horse you sold me last week was blind," complained the farmer.

"Well," replied the horse dealer, "the man who sold him to me didn't mention it either, and I thought he might want it kept a secret."

THE PERFECT ALIBI

"I was so anxious to get home," said the man whose wife had begun to scold him for being late, "that I was arrested for speeding."

"Oh," she replied, "and then what happened?"

"I invited the policeman who held me up to get in and go back to the station with me."

"Yes, go on."

"When we got there he kept me an hour thanking me for the buggy ride. He was the worst stutterer I ever saw."

BITS OF BY-PLAY

ONE THING LEFT FOR HIM

"Why are you always finding fault with me? I do the best I can to make you happy."

"There's one thing my first husband did to make me happy that you've never done?"

"What's that?"

"He died."

HIS FEARS CONFIRMED

A hypochondriac, meeting his physician on the street, said to him:

"Doctor, I have just come from a popular medical lecture and I am much afraid that I have kidney trouble."

"But, my dear fellow," said the doctor, smiling, "the curious thing about that disease is that the victim does not experience the least pain or discomfort."

"I knew it!" gasped the hypochondriac. "My symptoms exactly!"

IT CAN'T BE DONE

"So Apsley and his wife have parted? I'm surprised to hear that. They always seemed to get along so well together."

"Yes; but he undertook to teach her to drive their car."

WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION

A man who had been lured into a sideshow to see a dwarf, found the so-called dwarf to be about five feet tall.

The man remonstrated with the proprietor of the show, complaining that he had been swindled, and demanding his money back.

"That chap in there is nearly as tall as I am," he said. "What do you mean calling him a dwarf?"

"That's the remarkable thing about him," replied the showman. "He's the tallest dwarf in the world."

A SPORTING CHANCE

MOTHER—"Where has Harold gone?"

FATHER—"If the ice is as strong as he thinks it is, he has gone skating—if not, he has gone swimming!"

NO SHIRKING ON THAT JOB

An old maid—not too old—went to a lawyer to make her will. She had \$100,000.

"I wish to leave \$50,000 to charity," she said; "\$25,000 to my church; \$10,000 to the Museum of Art; \$10,000 to my favorite nephew; \$2,500 to my niece, and \$1,000 to be used for funeral expenses and a suitable tombstone for me. That leaves \$1,500. I'll give \$750 of it to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Yes," said the lawyer. "What do you wish to do with the other \$750?"

"Well," she said, after some hesitation, "I'll tell you. I've never had a lover. I've never known what it was to be hugged and kissed and petted. I want to have that pleas-

ure at least once before I die, and I've decided to pay that \$750 to a suitable man who will spend one evening with me, loving me, calling me pet names, telling me I am beautiful, and kissing me."

"Have you picked out the man?" the lawyer asked.

"What about you?" she replied. "Would you be willing?"

"But I'm married. I should have to ask my wife about it."

"Do, and let me know what she decides."

The lawyer consulted his wife. His practice was small; they needed money, and it was agreed that they might as well get the \$750 as not. So the matter was arranged, and the lawyer called on a certain evening at the spinster's house to fulfill his part of the contract.

His wife waited anxiously for his return. At 11 o'clock she could stand it no longer, and called up the old maid's house by telephone. When she succeeded in getting into communication with her husband, and had asked for an explanation, he replied:

"It's all right. She has cut off the S.P.C.A., and if you will let me stay an hour or two longer I think she will drop the Art Museum and her favorite nephew."

NO SECRET ABOUT IT

Young Willoughby, returning early from the office, found Wifey busy making some dainty little things to wear.

"Sweetheart!" he exclaimed with a proud, new thrill, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Be yourself," she replied. "I'm making myself a party dress."

BABBLING BABES

METHOD IN HER MADNESS

"And do you like to recite your little pieces?" the visitor asked.

"No," the child replied, "but mother always makes me do it, because the people begin to go as soon as I commence."

NOT EDDIE'S FAULT

Eddie had been ordered to play with his little brother in the back yard. Before long little brother began to howl dismally.

"Eddie," called the children's mother, "what is the matter? Why is little brother crying?"

"He dug a hole," Eddie replied, "and is crying because he can't bring it into the house."

ROBBED OF A TREAT

"Why are you crying?" asked the kind-hearted old lady.

"Daddy has gone and drowned our five nice little puppies," replied the boy.

"Oh, that's a pity. I'm so sorry."

"He said I could do it, darn him!"

FIRST AID

"George," his wife screamed, "the baby has been drinking ink!"

"There's a blotter on my desk," replied George who was busy reading the sporting page.

WILLING TO LET HIM OFF EASY

"This is going to hurt me worse than it hurts you," said the stern parent.

"Well, don't hurt yourself too much, dad," replied young Robert. "I ain't worth it."

NO SAINT TO THAT FAMILY

"Do you believe in Santa Claus?" asked the caller.

"Me?" replied Georgie; "no! My father is in the shaving soap business."

SILLY INQUISITIVENESS

"Papa," Harry asked, "who was Zoroaster?"

"Don't bother me with silly questions," replied the man who was busy reading the stock market reports. "I can't keep track of everybody in the Astor family."

HE HADN'T THE HEART

"And what," she asked, "should a little boy say to the lady who has given him a penny for carrying her bundles?"

"I'd hate to tell you," he replied.

A BIT BOOKISH

LITERARY TREASURES

"My father," said the daughter of a man who had acquired a fortune speedily and was going in vigorously for culture, "has an autographed copy of 'Vanity Fair,' for which he paid \$11,000."

"That's not so much," replied the daughter of another successful bootlegger. "My father has just bought a copy of 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' that was autographed by the whole family."

A WRETCHED PLACE

"Oh, dear," said the young woman with a weary sigh, as she tossed aside the volume, "I'm so unhappy."

"What's the trouble?" asked the young man.

"There isn't a library in this town where one can get a book that's unfit to read."

SWINDLED

With a weary sigh she tossed the magazine aside.

"What is the matter, dear?" her husband asked.

"I've read nearly every story in this thing," she said, "and I haven't found a line that I should not wish my daughter to see, if I had one. It's 15 cents wasted."

A Bit Bookish

HIS MOTHER'S BOY

"Where did your son get all the experience it must have been necessary for him to acquire before he could write as he does? He must have traveled much and seen many things."

"No, he has never been much of a traveler, but he's been married for three years to a woman who could fit any man out with a full set of experiences inside of two weeks."

A STERN CHASE

Frances—Yes, he is pursuing literature.

Gertrude—Indeed! And is he very successful?

Frances—No. It is still a long way ahead of him.

AT LAST

"At last," said the ambitious young novelist, "I have written something that I think will be accepted by the first magazine it is sent to."

"What is it?" his friend asked.

"A check for a year's subscription."

A DEEP BOOK

"I'd like to get a book," said the man who had approached the librarian's pretty assistant. "Something deep, if you have it."

"Do you think this will be deep enough?" the young lady replied. "It's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea.'"

BUNGLED ADVERTISEMENTS

FRESH FROM THE FAUCET

It was in a North Carolina paper that a milkman published the following advertisement:

"Mr. C. B. Moody, the dairyman, announces that he is now in position to supply his patrons with all the milk they want and that he can handle several more new customers since he has just installed city water, and that the milk is purer than when he had to use branch water."

This one occurred in Paterson, N. J.:

"Thousands of our people are seeking and securing relief and comfort through our delicious ice-cold Ice Cream Sodas, tasty and enervating."

Here is what they offer in Alabama:

"Comfortable five room cottage with bath occupied by owner."

PLEASANT DREAMS

It was a New Haven music dealer who advertised the music record: "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming with Male Chorus. \$1.25."

RED HOT MAMMA

Lost—Cranberry colored woman's coat. Reward offered.—*Ad in a Michigan paper.*

PLEASING DISCOVERIES

We are studying sin now in every way and is very enjoyable and interesting. You will get a different view of sin than you ever had before. Come.—*Sunday-school announcement in an Iowa paper.*

A TESTIMONIAL

HERE is an advertisement from a Bombay paper:

"All tears, burns, moth and mouse-holes darned and mended like new. British officer says:—'I was astonished when I got back the job I gave you—it didn't look like a darned suit at all!'"

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

A lady who was looking for a house rang the door bell at a certain place, and when a man appeared in answer to her summons she said:

"I saw your advertisement about this house being for sale, and I've come to see it."

"Yes, I did think of selling it," the owner replied, "but after reading what the man who wrote the advertisement said about it, I've made up my mind that it's too good to let go."

A MISLEADING AD

The following letter was received by a company which manufactures corn syrup:

"Dear Sirs—Though I have taken six cans of your corn syrup my feet are no better now than when I started."

MISSING NO CHANCE

"Well," said the dying Scotchman who was making his will, "you'd best put in a clause about my employes. To each man who has worked for me for twenty years I give and bequeath \$1,000."

"But," said the lawyer, "you haven't been in business twenty years."

"I know, mon, but it's good advertising."

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME

The following advertisement appeared in a Detroit paper:

"NOTICE—If ———, who is supposed to be in Chicago, will communicate with his friends at home, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

ONCE WOULD BE PLENTY

A Kentucky jeweler may have meant it all for the best when he advertised:

"Let me fix your watch, and you will never want to have it fixed again."

A DOLLED-UP ALLEY

This advertisement was published in a Denver paper:

"630 York St., 6—rm. bungalow, double garage, full basement, paved street and alley finished in white enamel."

BOTTLED GOODS

A NATURAL INCLINATION

Johnson was attending a temperance lecture.

"If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and to a pail of beer, which will he drink?" queried the speaker.

"The water," said Johnson.

"Yes, and why?"

"Because he's an ass," replied Johnson.

JUSTIFIABLE INDULGENCE

"Jedge, yo' Honah," complained an irate colored lady to the court, "dis yeah no-'count husban' o' mine drinks."

"Yassuh, Jedge, yo' Honah, Ah does drink some," admitted the husband. "But, Jedge, dat woman don' treat me right. Why, Ah pawns de kitchen stove t' git a li'l money an' she don' miss it fo' two weeks!"

READY TO FURNISH THEM

"But my dear sir," the doctor protested, "I cannot prescribe whiskey for you unless I am convinced that you need it. What are your symptoms?"

"What symptoms would you suggest, doctor?" the patient inquired.

NO WAY OUT

The night was dark and the hour late, when the lone merry-maker advanced unsteadily toward a large concrete post. Gingerly touching the rough surface, he felt about until assured of a solid support and then leaned back, resting. After a few minutes, deciding again to pursue his alcoholic path, he turned and felt carefully about the surface of the post. Round and round he walked, never taking his hands off the concrete.

Amazement gave way to despair and at last, sinking down to the pavement, he gasped:

"My God, I'm walled in."

STEADY, THERE, LIZZIE

They had driven to town, and were on their way home, conveying with them an oversupply of stuff that had been purchased from a bootlegger.

"Shay," said Biggley, "shteer a li'l more careful, or we'll be in the ditch."

"I thought you wash drivin'," replied Doolittle.

DECLINING RAPIDLY

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?"

"No doubt," growled Officer Raynor.

"Why are you so sure of it?"

"I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street and then he looked up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and said:

"'Gawd! I've lost 14 pounds!'"

PRESUMPTIVE GUILT

Judge: "Are you sure he was drunk?"

Policeman: "Well, his wife said he brought home a man-hole cover and tried to play it on the phonograph."

THE ONE HE MISSED

Looking out over the tops of his spectacles the judge said:

"This is the fifth time you have been here in the past six weeks, charged with intoxication. I want an explanation."

"Well, Judge, it ain't my fault," the defendant replied. "Don't blame me. There was one week they kept me in jail and I couldn't come."

A LEVELING INFLUENCE

"How did you happen to get on speaking terms with Mrs. Uppish? She used to be so very exclusive—belongs to one of the oldest families, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh, that's all a thing of the past. We get along beautifully together. There's a common bond of fellowship between our families. We have the same bootlegger."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

The sophomore met the dean a mile or two from the campus, the soph being somewhat under the influence of synthetic gin.

"Young man," said the dean very severely, "do you know who I am?"

"No," replied the soph, "but if you can remember where you live I'll take you home."

HIS JOYOUS EXPERIENCE

"And so you've been on a visit to your cousin Macpherson? How long were you there?"

"A week," replied Sandy.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Verra. I was so drunk the whole seven days that I didn't know where I was."

DOWN TO CASES

"There's a tough-lookin' guy outside," said the office boy, "and he says he wants to see you pers'nally."

"You say he's tough-looking?" the general manager asked.

"Terrible tough-lookin'."

"Did he say what he wanted to see me about?"

"No. I told him you was out of town, but he wouldn't believe me."

"Has he a bundle or anything?"

"No, he ain't got no bundle. He said the elevator man wouldn't let him bring it up."

"Good Lord! Get out of the way, kid. Why can't you learn to get down to cases without wasting words?"

BATS IN THE BELFRY

A GLIMMER OF REASON

It was a bright spring day. The grounds around the asylum for the insane were beginning to be beautiful. Two women patients strolled across the broad stretch of lawn and seated themselves on a rustic bench near a large lilac bush. For a long time neither spoke. Both seemed to be absorbed in thought. At last one of them yawned and said:

"Oh, pshaw, I'm going back inside."

"Why?" the other asked. "It's very pleasant out here."

"What does a pleasant place amount to if there's no man around?"

"You'll not be staying in this institution much longer, will you?"

"Why?"

"You're talking sense."

POINTER WANTED

"Officer, arrest that man! He just walked up to me and whispered that I was the most beautiful woman he ever saw."

"Very well, ma'am. What shall I charge him with—insanity?"

TOO MUCH FOR HIM

"Poor man!" said the sympathetic lady who was visiting the home for incurables, "do you know how long you have been here?"

"Yes," replied the gray-haired inmate, "they brought me to it only a few weeks ago."

"And do you realize your condition?"

"Perfectly, ma'am."

"How dreadful! Have you any recollection of what caused your reason to break down?"

"Sure. I know all about it. Owing to the high cost of living I consented to my daughter's marriage to a fellow I had never liked."

"Yes? And then what happened?"

"They both came to live with us."

WHY, CERTAINLY NOT!

"Did you have any insurance?" asked Einstein.

"Did I have any insurance?" replied Gloomzheim.

"Did I have a store? Did I have a fire? Did I have a helibi? Did you go crazy in your head?"

A DISTURBING SIGN

"I'm afraid that new chauffeur of ours is crazy."

"Why?"

"He always wants to stop and see what happened after he has hit any one."

BREAKING IT TO FATHER

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF AN OPPORTUNITY

"Have you come to an understanding with my daughter?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean, then, by asking me to consent to your marriage?"

"This happened to be such a good chance that I thought I'd ask you and get that much out of the way."

THE NOTIFYING COMMITTEE

"Well, sir," said the fair maiden's father when the young man had been ushered into the private office; "what is your business with me?"

"I have been appointed to serve as a committee of one to notify you that you have been nominated to become my father-in-law."

TROUBLED

"Have you asked papa for me? Oh, Harold, don't tell me that he refused!"

"No, he didn't refuse."

"Then why do you look so sad and discouraged?"

"I can't feel just right about the enthusiasm with which he consented."

ON FATHER'S ACCOUNT

"I never speak," he said, "until after I have thought twice."

"Just to set father's mind at rest," she replied, "won't you try to think twice before the end of this week?"

MERELY IN THE MARKET

"Bagley is always a bull in the market, isn't he?"

"He may be in the market; but when I went to speak to him about his daughter he struck me as being a good deal of a bear."

IN HARMONY AT LAST

"Did you tell your father," he asked, "that I was going to call on him to ask for you?"

"Yes," she replied, "but it's no use."

"And how about your mother?"

"It's the same there."

"Don't you think we can win them over?"

"No. The absurdity of your trying to marry into our family is the only thing they've been able to agree on in years."

HIS BROKEN FOOT

"Why did you treat father that way?" she complained.

"What way?"

"When you went to ask him for me. He has had to use a crutch ever since."

BUDDING BARDS

EQUIPPED

"If I could only experience some great grief," sighed the poet, "I think I might be able to write a deathless lay."

"Then get ready to write," said his wife. "The great grief has come. The Williamsons' dog got into our kitchen a few moments ago and ran away with the steak you brought home for dinner."

NOW HE KNOWS

A gloomy young poet sent a poem to a magazine. It was entitled, "Why Am I Alive?" The editor returned it with a slip, on which was typed, "Because you sent this instead of bringing it to me personally."

FRIENDLY ADVICE

"I have," he said, as he laid his book on the reviewer's desk, "published this volume of poems simply for my own satisfaction and amusement."

"Then," advised the critic after he had glanced at the opening lines, in which "claim" was made to rhyme with "grain," "I would urge you to take the entire edition and keep it carefully within the confines of your own library."

RELIEVED HIS MIND

SHE—"I showed father the verses you sent me! He was pleased with them!"

HE—"Indeed! What did he say?"

SHE—"He said he was delighted to find that I wasn't going to marry a poet!"

HOW HE GOT HIS

"Do you get paid by the word or by the line?" asked the innocent young thing.

"Generally by the foot," replied the poet who was in the habit of carrying his poems around and reading them to the editors.

A HELPFUL THOUGHT

"I have written a poem today," he said, "that I think will live after I am dead and gone."

"Oh, cheer up," she replied. "You don't look as if you were going to an early grave."

THE POETIC URGE

"Must you always be inspired when you write a poem?" the romantic young thing asked.

"Oh, no," replied the bard. "Merely being hungry has given me the impetus for some of my best work."

CAPERS OF THE CLERGY

NO ALIBI FOR THE CHOIR

A young clergyman gave out the weekly church notices as follows:

"On Thursday, God willing, there will be mothers' meeting at 5 P. M.

"On Friday, God willing and the weather permitting, we will hold the church committee meeting at 7 P. M.

"On Saturday, in any case, there will be the usual choir practice at 6 P. M."

TWO OF A KIND

Gush: Our new minister is simply wonderful. He brings things home to you that you never saw before.

Sniff: That's nothing. Our laundryman does the same thing.

EVILS EXEMPLIFIED

A California preacher published the following announcement:

"The theme of the Sunday evening sermon will be 'Deadly Perils of Marriage.' A Spanish family of twelve will be on the platform to sing a number of songs."

WHEN THE BISHOP BUTTED IN

A famous bishop, who was very fond of children, set out one evening to attend a party given "by children for children."

"Don't announce me," he said to the servant at the door.

Leaving his coat and hat downstairs, he quietly opened the drawing room door, having been assured of the presence of company by the buzzing of voices inside. Dropping on his hands and knees, he entered, trying to neigh like a horse and bleat like a goat. His performance was received in dead silence, and, looking up, he found himself in the company of people in formal dress, awaiting the summons to an 8 o'clock dinner. The children's party was next door.

GREAT RELIEF

"Well, how did you like the sermon?"

"Very much," replied the man who had attended eleven banquets in rapid succession. "It was a great relief to have the preacher get up and begin his sermon without saying: 'The remarks of the previous speaker have reminded me of a story.'"

IT PROBABLY WAS

A youthful rector, calling on his parishioners, arrived at a home in which there was a new baby. The proud mother exhibited the infant, and the rector was lavish in his praise of its beauty.

"How old is it?" he asked.

"Just two months old today," was the reply.

"How interesting. Is it your youngest?"

UNFOUNDED RUMOR

"Mrs. Muchmore told me," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the new minister came in vestments when he officiated at your daughter's wedding."

"It ain't true," replied her hostess, as she flung one of her ropes of pearls over the back of a \$90 rocking chair; "we brought him over in our limousine."

NOT STRANGE

"I have only one fault to find with our new minister. It is so hard to understand a word he says."

"That is not strange, my dear. He started his career as a train announcer."

ROUGH TREATMENT

"Why is it that you don't attend church?" asked a minister, addressing a man who spent most of his Sundays on the golf course.

"I'll tell you how it is, Parson," the man replied. "The first time I ever went to church they poured water in my face, and the second time they tied me to a woman from whom I've never been able to break loose."

"And the next time," said the minister, "they'll throw dirt on you."

AN ERROR CORRECTED

"The collection this morning," said the preacher, "will be taken on behalf of the arch fund, and not, as erroneously published, on behalf of the arch-fiend."

HANDY HUBBIES

A doctor's wife, a lawyer's wife, and a preacher's wife were comparing notes.

"I am very lucky," said the doctor's wife. "It doesn't cost me anything for treatment when I am ill."

"That's pretty good," said the lawyer's wife. "I am in a fortunate position, too. When I get into trouble for speeding or parking in the wrong place my husband always gets me off without letting it cost me a cent."

It was the minister's wife's turn.

"My husband keeps me good for nothing," she said.

HER HOPE

"My dear Mrs. Widgerton," said the minister who had been delegated after the accident to break the sad news to the widow of the victim, "I regret to have to inform you that your husband is in the bosom of Abraham."

"Well," she replied, after thinking the matter over for a moment, "I hope you're sure it's Abraham and not some woman."

WILLING OR UNWILLING

"We must be willing," said the preacher, "to suffer martyrdom in the cause of righteousness."

"Yes," said a scoffer, "and we've got to suffer it, whether we're willing or not, unless we're able to pay bootleg prices."

CAPRICIOUS CUPID

WAITING

"I'm going to kiss you," he said.

She looked steadily into his eyes, but did not answer.

"I'm going to kiss you," he repeated.

Still she looked steadily into his eyes and made no reply.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said again.

Then she drew a deep sigh and after a little while remarked:

"Well, I'm waiting to find out whether you are a man of your word or not."

ALL FOR LOVE

"Do you know, young lady, that a man was recently sentenced to a month of hard labor for kissing a girl?"

"Oh, Fred, give me one as if you were going to be sentenced for life!"

THE BEST HE COULD DO

"Hey, you," shouted the policeman, addressing the young man who was motoring through town with his best girl seated beside him, "use both hands."

"Can't do it," the boy replied. "I need one to drive with."

NOTHING TO DO BUT THINK

The young man had just proposed to the lady of his heart.

"Of course," she replied, "it must be understood that I could not marry a man who plays cards, drinks, smokes, stays out late or goes to clubs. Still," she added graciously, "I should like him to enjoy himself."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "how?"

TOO OBEDIENT

"You might make a noise as if you were kissing me," she said, "just to create a commotion among the girls in the next room."

A moment later she angrily left him and went in among the girls whom she had wished to fill with excitement.

He had merely made a noise as if he were kissing her.

THE ELUSIVE MALE

MAISIE—"A certain young man sent me some flowers this morning."

MAUD—"Don't say 'a certain young man,' my dear. There is none of them certain until you've got them."

BLISS

"What is your idea of heavenly bliss?" asked the young man who couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Marrying a man for his money and then learning to love him," replied the pretty grass widow.

Capricious Cupid

HER MISTAKE

After he had tasted the sweetness of her honeyed lips, he drew back and asked:

"Have you ever kissed a hero?"

"No," she earnestly replied, "never!"

After he had gone away despondent, it occurred to her that she had said the wrong thing, for he, too, had been in the war.

CAUGHT OFF HIS GUARD

She had been looking at him eagerly for a long time while they sat in silence. At last she spoke.

"I was just thinking," she said, "that it must be lovely in Sweden."

"Why?" he asked, becoming suddenly interested.

"So many matches are made there."

A SHOCK TO HIM

"But you must agree," she said after consenting to be his, "to let the children be brought up in my church."

"Hell!" he replied, "are there going to be children? I thought you were a graduate of Vassar."

A TRIFLING MISTAKE

The taxi driver put on his brake suddenly, and came to a halt.

"What's the matter?" asked the man in the back seat.

"I heard the young lady say 'Stop!'"

"Never mind that. She wasn't talking to you."

ALMOST IMPOLITE

"It must be awfully embarrassing," she said, "for a girl and a young man to be cast away on a desert isle."

"Yes," he replied, "I suppose it is."

"What would you do if such a thing should happen to you and me?"

"Well, I'm an indifferent swimmer, so I suppose I'd have to stay."

OTHERS HAVE

"After all," she said, "love is a wonderful thing."

"Yes," he admitted, "I've heard it highly spoken of."

HIS DEDUCTION

"Yes," he said, "I think the world is getting better."

"And may I ask why?" she answered.

For a moment he twirled the ring that she had just handed back to him; held it in such a position as to make it flash brightly, and then replied:

"This is the first time I have ever had an engagement ring returned without a fight or a protest."

THEN HE WOKE UP

"Oh," she suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I were a man."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I'll not say what I would do, but there is one thing I wouldn't do."

"And that is——?"

"I wouldn't sit around as if I had handcuffs on when I happened to be alone with a girl."

Capricious Cupid

ASKING TOO MUCH

"Promise me, dear," she said after they had become engaged, "that you will not do anything you can't afford."

"I can't," he replied. "If I promised that, I'd have to break our engagement right here."

FUTILE BOAST

"Love me and the world is mine," he said.

"What's the use of saying that?" she replied. "I've been loving you for weeks and you haven't even succeeded in getting a good job."

THE LIVING PRESENT

He—May I call on you this evening? There is something that I have long wanted to say to you.

She—Yes, but here's a doorway in which we can stand without being seen. So many things might happen before night, you know.

A FOOLISH FEAR

"Why are you breaking our engagement?" he pleaded.

"I'm afraid I never could trust you," she replied.

"Of course you could. Hundreds of people have."

GLANCES INTO HISTORY

YOUNG FOR HIS YEARS

One day Methuselah met a lady who asked him how old he was.

"This," he answered, "is my nine hundred and sixtieth birthday."

"Land sakes, how well you hold your age," the lady said. "You don't look a day over nine hundred and fifty."

ANOTHER ALEXANDER

"You are all the world to me," said the man who had been twice divorced.

"Yes," replied the pretty grass widow, "and if I married you it wouldn't be long before you would be looking around for new worlds to conquer."

HARD LUCK

Rembrandt was sitting in his paint shop, looking as if he had lost his best friend.

"What's the matter, Rem, old man?" asked a fellow painter who had dropped in to see how things were going.

"I've just been thinking of the tough luck a man has who is born too soon. If I had come into the world a few hundred years later I might have got rich painting pictures of pretty girls for the covers of magazines."

SAD PART

"Oh, dear!" said Eve, after she had secured all the best fig leaves there were to be had, "I'm so unhappy."

"Come, dear, cheer up," replied Adam. "Things might be worse than they are. We still have each other."

"Yes, but now that I've got to wearing clothes there's no other woman with whom I can talk about them."

NO ALIBI FOR AD

"Adam had a good many advantages. For instance, when he made a New Year's resolution there was nobody to tempt him to have another drink just for the sake of old times. There were no middlemen who compelled him to pay twice as much for his apples as they were worth. There were no waiters to be tipped when he had eaten a meal, no check boys to hold out their hands when he called for his hat. He never had to hang to a strap when he went home in the evening, and, of course, there was nobody to criticise him for his lack of public spirit if he did not happen to have the snow shoveled from the sidewalk."

"That's all very true, but you must remember that he never was able to make Eve believe when he got home late that he had been kept at the office by a customer from out of town."

JUST LIKE HIM

A schoolboy writing a composition on Henry VIII said: "At this time Henry walked with difficulty, having an abcess on his knee."

A DEPLETED LARDER

CÆSAR BORGIA—"I am entertaining some friends to dinner to-morrow—about forty."

MASTER OF THE REVELS—"Then, my lord, I shall have to order some more poison—there's only enough for twenty-five in the house."

QUITE LIKELY

"Father, do you know when the pliocene age was?"

"Um—I s'pose it was the age when old man Pliocene was king of one of them countries down around Greece."

A WISE PRECAUTION

"What," asked the teacher, "was the first thing Columbus did when he reached the shore of the New World?"

"He locked up the bar and put the key in his pocket," replied Willie, whose father was a sea captain.

WHY, YES, OF COURSE

They were standing at the base of the Washington monument.

"Can you tell me," one of them asked, "what was the most remarkable thing about the Father of his country?"

"His memory."

"What do you mean, his memory?"

"Well, they've built this monument to his memory, haven't they?"

DOCTOR'S ADVICE

A CURE FOR HIS TROUBLES

"Doctor," said the woman whose husband owed everybody in town, "John's in a very bad way. I've been trying to get him to come to see you, but he's so obstinate, you know, and so I've made up my mind to see you myself and ask whether you think you can do anything for him."

"What are his symptoms?"

"He's awfully nervous. He can't seem to settle down to anything."

"Hm! That's bad. When a man gets so that he can neither settle down nor settle up the only thing I can recommend is travel. Better take what things you can move conveniently and start on a long journey sometime when nobody's looking."

NOT THE MEDICINE SHE WANTED

"Doctor," said the fair caller, "my husband talks in his sleep."

"Oh," replied the physician, "I can cure him of that very easily. Give him one of these pills every night just before he goes to bed, and in a week he will be all right."

"I don't want him cured, but isn't there anything I can give him that will make him mention the names of the women he mumbles about?"

TAKING A CHANCE

"I can't do anything for you," said the doctor, "unless you will give up smoking."

"Can't I smoke at all?"

"No, you've got to stop it absolutely."

"How long do you give me to live if I continue to smoke?"

"Not more than five years at the most."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, doc. I'll keep on for about four years, and then if I don't feel any better I'll come back."

WHERE HE BELONGED

"Doctor," he said, "I have recently formed the habit of walking in my sleep. What would you suggest?"

"Get a job as watchman at some particularly dangerous grade-crossing."

LITTLE THINGS

"You shouldn't," the doctor advised, "permit yourself to be worried by little things."

"Good heavens," replied the patient, "I wouldn't if I could help it, but how is a man who has married a widow with six children going to get around it?"

ONLY AT HOME

"Have any buzzing in your ears?" asked the doctor, who was trying to diagnose the case.

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck, "not except when I have to stay in the house."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT

"I wonder why the doctors are all so persistent about the danger there is in iced drinks? I should think if what they say is true they'd let us go on and make more business for them."

"Perhaps they think people who take ice will not be able to pay doctor's bills."

AN UNREASONABLE REQUIREMENT

"Your husband doesn't seem to be any better, Mrs. Rafferty," the doctor said as he was leaving the house. "Is he sticking to the diet I prescribed?"

"Not him," the lady replied. "He says he'll not be after starvin' himself to death for the sake of kaypin' on livin'."

SWEET ENCOURAGEMENT

"Do you think I have any chance to get well, doctor?" the patient asked.

"You're bound to recover," the physician replied. "Medical statistics show that nine out of every ten people afflicted as you are die. You're the tenth man I've treated for this complaint. The other nine died."

AS GOOD AS HIS WORD

"When we called in Dr. Pillsbury to attend my husband," said Mrs. Watson, "he said he'd have him on his feet in a week."

"Did he?"

"Yes. When the bill came in, George had to sell the car."

A SURE CURE

"Doctor, I'm becoming a nervous wreck. Can't you do something for me? I'll not be able to stand this much longer."

"Take a sea voyage."

"Do you think that'll help me?"

"Certainly. As long as you're on the ship you'll not have any streets to cross."

THE SERIOUS PART OF IT

"The doctor has ordered her to the seaside. Now they're having a consultation."

"The doctors?"

"No. The dressmakers."

LOST THE FIGHT

"Your wife has fully recovered, eh? I hear the doctors made a great fight for her life."

"I'll say they did, and they nearly got it, too."

IDENTITY ESTABLISHED

"What's the matter with your arm?" asked the army surgeon.

"It was broken," replied the buck private.

"What idiot set it?"

"You did, sir."

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY,

PROPER MEAT FOR THEM

For the dentist, pullet.
For the painter, canvasback.
For the shoemaker, sole.
For the wood cutter, chops.
For the pawnbroker, hocks.
For the bookbinder, calf.
For the barnstormer, ham.
For the get-rich-quick operator, sucker.
For the chorus girl, loon.

COULDN'T BE MISTAKEN

"Waiter," the very particular man asked, "are you sure this is chicken soup?"

"Yes, sir," the waiter replied. "I picked a feather out of it when I was bringing it in."

HASH AND THE THREE GRACES

"This hash," said the star boarder, "reminds me of the three graces."

"Oh," replied the delighted landlady; "in what way?"

"One is foolish to tackle it without faith, hope and charity."

BRAIN FOOD

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes received a note from a man asking:

"Will you please prescribe how much fish I should eat a day for the improvement of my mind?"

The doctor answered:

"In your case, I think it will be sufficient if you take for breakfast every morning a whale on toast."

DIDN'T LIKE THEM

"Are you interested in eugenics?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No," replied Mrs. Gottalotte, "I can't say that I am. Josiah brought some home once, but I think I prefer artichokes."

AS TO REACHING

"The easiest method of reaching a man," she sarcastically insisted, "is by way of his stomach."

"And the most effective method of reaching a woman," he calmly replied, "is by way of the jewelry store."

SADLY DISAPPOINTED

"John," his wife said, with much enthusiasm, "I've heard of a new and sure way to reduce, without the least trouble."

"Fine," he replied. "I hope you'll adopt it right away."

"I'm going to. I expect to take off at least ten pounds a week."

"Oh, I thought you were talking about expenses."

THE CAUSE OF HIS ECONOMY

"Are you on a diet?" asked the traveling salesman's friend, when he saw him eating milk and crackers.

"No. On commission," was the reply.

DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR

"George, you may bring me two fried eggs, some broiled Virginia ham, a pot of coffee, and some rolls," said a man to the waiter in a dining car.

"Yassa."

The traveler's companion said: "You may bring me the same—but wait a minute—just eliminate the eggs."

"Yassa."

In a few minutes the waiter came back.

"Scuse me, boss," he said, "but jest what did you all say erbout dem aigs?"

"I said eliminate the eggs."

"Yassa."

Presently he came back once more, leaned confidentially and penitently over the table, and said:

"We had a bad accident jest afoh we leave de depot dis mohnin', boss, an' de liminator done got broke off right at de handle. Will you all take 'em fried, same as dis hyah gemman?"

CAUSE OF HIS EXCITEMENT

"Why is that man making so much noise, waiter? Has he gone suddenly crazy?"

"He ordered cantaloupe, sir, and the piece he got was fit to eat, sir."

A REASONABLE PREFERENCE

"Why is it that you prefer to eat your lunch where they have girls to wait on the tables?"

"Because if thumbs must be thrust into the things I order I want them to be as small as possible."

A SUSPICION

"Is this your first visit to our city?"

"No, I was here five years ago."

"I suppose you notice a good many changes?"

"Yes, quite a lot; but I think I had the same steak for breakfast this morning that I sent back when I was here before."

AN UNREASONABLE OBJECTION

"Here, waiter, what does this mean? I ordered veal pot-pie and I find several chunks of chicken meat in it."

"I can't understand it, sir. But why do you complain? Would you kick if you bought a copper mine and found gold in it?"

PLENTY OF THEM

"Was this mutton prepared with capers?" asked the man who was particular about his food.

"I'll say it was," replied the waiter. "The cook nearly burned his thumb off takin' it up."

EDITORIAL JOY AND GRIEF

ITS PROPER PLACE

Assistant editor—Here is a story about a young man saving a girl from death by catching her in his arms and lifting her away from where a live wire was swaying. Her gratitude was so great that she immediately promised to become his bride. What shall I do with it?

Editor—Put it under the head of "Current Events."

COULD HARDLY BEAR IT

He entered the newspaper office in a manner that suggested murder.

He reached the counter and took a newspaper from an inner pocket.

"I was intensely shocked this morning to read in this wretched journal an intimation of my engagement," he said.

The clerk behind the counter looked at him with some concern.

"I am almost beside myself with rage," the agitated man went on. "I cannot tell you how angry I am. I am worried. My fiancée is worried. I am dreadfully annoyed. My fiancée is dreadfully annoyed. We are all annoyed. Give me fifty copies of the paper."

RISING TO AN OCCASION

A few days after the new editor of the Bagdad Banner had taken possession of the sanctum a visitor announced himself.

"My name is Mumford," said the caller.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Mumford?" the editor asked.

"I am the Hon. James Watson Mumford."

"Oh. Have a chair."

"I am a former mayor of this rapidly growing city, and an ex-member of the state legislature."

"Have another chair."

"I take what I hope to be pardonable pride in the fact that I am frequently referred to as the leading citizen of this community, and pressure is being brought to bear upon me to permit myself to become a candidate for lieutenant governor of our wonderful state."

"I am sorry I have no more chairs," the editor replied; "shall I kiss you?"

CORRECTING A MISTAKE

An obliging editor published a correction as follows: "In our issue of last week we reported the sudden death of Giff Bunson, for many years our leading town drunkard and loafer. It appears that an error crept into our account of the affair, and, at the request of relatives of the deceased, we are glad to correct our mistake. Instead of having been riddled with bullets, as was alleged, Giff's carcass showed that only four members of the committee in pursuit succeeded in aiming effectively."

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU SEE IN PRINT

The reporter who wrote: "The unfortunate woman was killed while cooking her husband's breakfast in a horrible manner" probably didn't mean to say just that, nor may it be fair to accept literally this announcement in an Australian paper, referring to the launching of a ship:

"It was christened the 'Somass Queen' by Mrs. Steven, who broke a bottle of wine over the stem and slid gracefully down the ways into the water."

Occasionally an editor who publishes a correction doesn't make the matter worse, but this one may or may not have had to keep on explaining.

"Last week," he wrote, "in reporting the auto accident near Gilmore City we stated that Donald Kemp died on Monday. We have since learned that this was an error, and that young Kemp had not even been seriously injured. The information came to us direct from the parties most concerned, and we supposed it was reliable, but have learned to our sorrow that such was not the case."

WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN

"Don't worry, dear," said the magazine editor's wife. "It's too bad that you were burned out just a week before the time for going to press, but perhaps you can get other stories and poems to take the place of the ones that were lost."

"It isn't that," he groaned. "I can get plenty of stories and poems, but the copy for our soap ads has all gone up in smoke."

EVILS OF THE FLESH

A SERIOUS DISADVANTAGE

"Why do you worry so much about your stoutness, Mrs. Dunkleson? As long as you are perfectly healthy it seems to me that there is no reason why you should fret about your weight."

"I wouldn't care so much if it wasn't for one thing."

"What is that?"

"When I go to these affairs where the refreshments are passed around I find it so hard to get along without a lap."

EXPLICIT

"Madame," the polite fat man asked, "will you occupy my seat?"

"No, thank you," she replied, "but I will take part of it, if you please."

WHERE HE STOOD

"I stand squarely on my record," said a weighty politician who was hanging to a strap in a street car as he discussed his candidacy with a friend.

"I beg your pardon," murmured a meek little woman who was squeezed in between two fat ones, "I think you are standing on my feet."

THE END OF HIS TRIP

A dauntless fireman who had ascended a ladder, in response to the appeals of a very stout woman, took her in his arms, and got her out of a fifth story window. On the iron railing, he tried to persuade her to go down the ladder, but she clung to him, declaring that he must carry her down, or she would perish.

While he was arguing with her she took him in her embrace, his foot slipped, and down the ladder they went. At the bottom, where the fireman found the lady sitting on him, he said:

"You'll have to get up now, please. This is as far as I go."

FORTUNATE

"I find," said Mrs. Gotter Lotte, "that my horizon has been greatly widened since I have taken up the study of French."

"Indeed?" replied her dearest friend, "how fortunate that it doesn't have that effect on your figure!"

EXPERIENCE

"Have you ever been in a railroad smash-up?"

"No, but I once fell downstairs in company with a fat lady."

EVERY LITTLE BIT

"Every little bit helps," said the stout lady when she found that she had lost another quarter of a pound.

FATHER AND THE BOYS

JUST AS WELL

"Why is it that you insist on giving your daughter a college education, while you are planning to make your son go to work as soon as he gets through the high school?"

"Well, I can't afford to send them both to college, and the boy can get his training just as well by joining some athletic club."

AN ALTRUIST

"Always keep this in mind," said the young man's father: "It is just as easy to fall in love with a beautiful girl who is going to have money as it is to go crazy over one of the common kind."

"I know, dad, but the common kind seem to appreciate it so much more when a fellow goes crazy over them."

APPRECIATION

"I'm going to find just one more job for you," said the disgusted old gentleman. "If you fail to make good this time I'll never ask any of my friends to provide a place for you again."

"Thanks, dad," the young man replied. "I was afraid you would keep on finding jobs for me forever."

A WISE CHILD

"Now," said the stern father, "I'm going to punish you, but before I begin I want you to understand why."

"Never mind explaining, dad. Get it over with. I have always noticed that the more you talk the madder you get, when you think you've been wronged."

IT DIDN'T HELP

Mother—What's the matter, darling?

Child—Father hit his finger with the hammer.

Mother—Don't cry about it. You should laugh.

Child—I di-did.

THE WAY MADE PLAIN

"My boy," said Hamilton Buskirk, "you are about to graduate. This is an important epoch in your life."

"Yes, dad," replied his son, "I realize that."

"Your whole career lies before you. You are at the place where the road on which you have traveled divides into two branches. One of them leads to honor, success and happiness. The other to failure, misery and disgrace."

"I know it."

"Which of the two roads are you going to take?"

"I want to take the right road."

"My boy, I'm glad to hear you say that. And how are you going to decide which is the right road?"

"Well, I happened last night to overhear mother telling you what a failure she considered you, so I'm going to hunt around until I find your tracks and start up the road you didn't take."

TOO WELL EDUCATED

"Just remember, my son, that nobody ever lost anything by having too good an education."

"I don't know about that, dad. I heard of a man, yesterday, whose beautiful stenographer left him because he was always catching her up when she misspelled a word."

AN IMPORTANT SERVICE

"What have you ever done for me?" complained the young man whose father had chided him for his inability to get ahead.

"Well, I kept your mother from naming you Percy or Clarence."

GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION

"Daddy," Egbert asked, "do men's wives always love them?"

"Well, most of them do, I think."

"Does mamma love you?"

"Certainly."

"Then why does she always look so sad when anybody tells her I look exactly like you?"

FRAIL HUMANITY

SWEETLY SATISFYING

"I can't understand," she said, "why any man should pay money to see two other men bruise each other with their fists."

"That's because you can't appreciate the manly instinct for exhibiting bravery," he replied. "You can't imagine how satisfying it is to attend a prize fight and yell insulting things at the fighters while they are too busy to notice it."

IN AN AWKWARD POSITION

YOUNG WIFE (to her friend): Just think what a painful position I am in. While I was fainting because my husband would not buy me a new hat I saw him kiss the maid—and I can't say anything about it because I was supposed to be unconscious!

BEATEN TO IT

Little Harold came home with a bleeding nose and a badly scratched face.

"So you have been fighting again," his mother reprimanded. "Haven't I told you many, many times to count a hundred before doing anything when you are angry?"

"Yes," Harold admitted, "but the other boy's mother only told him to count ten."

IT TOO OFTEN HAPPENS

"I like a man who has the courage of his convictions."

"So do I, but it too often happens that a man thinks he has the courage of his convictions when he merely has the stubbornness of his prejudices."

TOO HASTY

"What's the matter, old man? You look as if you were disgusted with yourself."

"I am. I got up in a street car, a little while ago, to give a pretty woman my seat."

"Didn't she seem to appreciate your courtesy?"

"Oh, yes, but a prettier woman got aboard a few minutes later."

A CARELESS BOY

"Where were you last night, son?" asked the young man's father.

"Oh, just out driving around with some of the boys."

"I wonder which of the boys left that ruffled garter in the car."

FULL OF PARTICULARS

"What's the matter with your foot?" asked an inquisitive man who met a boy who was hobbling along on crutches.

"I chopped off my big toe," the boy replied.

"Well, well! How did you do that?"

"Chopping."

CONFESSION

Maude—Did you ever smoke a cigarette?

Mildred—No. But once I flirted my handkerchief at an express train that was passing with people looking out of the windows.

QUITE LIKELY, QUITE

“Do you suppose the count married her for her money?”

“Oh, dear, no—nothing like that. He was probably crazy to become her fat, uneducated mother’s son-in-law.”

JUST A FRIENDLY ADMONITION

After she had pawed over nearly everything in the silk and lace departments a floorwalker approached her and asked:

“Is there anything in particular that you are looking for, madam?”

“Well,” she replied, “is that any of your business?”

“Oh, no,” he assured her. “I merely wished to tell you that we shall be closing in about an hour, and that you’ll have to hurry if you wish to get through all the other sections.”

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS

“This man,” said the lieutenant on duty at the station house, “seems to be under the influence of a strong drug.”

“That’s right, he should be,” replied Patrolman Haggerty. “I drug him nearly four blocks.”

CALM AND COOL

"Was I frightened?" said a man who had reached the street after an alarm of fire had spread through the hotel at which he was stopping. "Not in the least. When I heard the alarm I lighted a cigarette. Then I put on my collar and necktie, but the tie I had selected didn't suit me, so I took it off and deliberately put on another. I never was more cool in my life."

"Well," a by-stander observed, "if you were so darned cool, why didn't you put on your pants?"

PAGE MILTON AND BURNS

"Well," said Smithers, "it isn't always safe to judge people by their clothes. Rags have covered many a philosopher."

"Yes," replied Stubbley, "as Shakespeare says in 'Paradise Lost,' 'a man's a man for a' that.'"

NO DICKERING

Bunsby had a "For Sale" sign chalked on his old car. A stranger approached and inquired:

"What are you asking for it?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said Bunsby.

"I'd give you twenty-five."

"Well, you've bought a car."

THE PROOF OF A WISE SAYING

"The ould frinds are the best, as the sayin' is," said Pat.

"Thruer fer you," replied Dennis. "Where will ye find a new frind that has shtood by ye as long as an ould one?"

Frail Humanity

NEVER MISSED HIM

Bingley, who had been working in the city for three years, expected the band to meet him at the station when he returned to the old town, but the boys evidently had an engagement somewhere else. On his way up Main Street, he met old Ed. Springer.

"Well," said Bingley, "everything looks familiar around here. The town hall still needs a coat of paint, the bank's right on the same old corner, and the big red and blue bottles are still in the windows of the drug store."

"Been away?" asked Ed.

THE SUPERIORITY COMPLEX

"I hope you don't think I'm too conceited," he said after he had finished telling her about himself.

"Oh, no," she replied, "but I'm just wondering how you can keep from giving three hearty cheers whenever you look at yourself in the glass."

NOT AS MUCH

"No, I don't feel the cold as much as I used to."

"How do you account for that?"

"I have one cork leg now."

IMAGINARY ECONOMY

"Isn't it true," she asked, "that a man generally saves more after he is married than he did before?"

"No," he replied. "He merely thinks he does, because there are so many things he gets along without."

A WONDER

"I met a remarkable woman yesterday."

"This is the age of remarkable women."

"But this woman was extraordinarily remarkable. She thought her husband had enough intelligence to run their furnace."

RAILROADING ON THE JERKWATER

"Do you think we are likely to make up any of our lost time?" asked the impatient passenger.

"That depends," replied the conductor.

"On what?"

"On whether we get back on the tracks or stay off where the going is smooth."

JUST TO SOOTHE HER FEELINGS

A beautiful actress, whose best friend was very wealthy, became the possessor of an enormously expensive pearl necklace. In order to mislead any housebreaker who might be inclined to carry her property away she made it a practice to leave the necklace lying carelessly upon her dresser beside a sheet of paper on which she had written:

"These are imitation pearls. I keep my real pearls in a safety vault."

One morning when she got home after the last night club had closed, she discovered that her pearls were gone, and, in place of the note she had left beside them, she found this:

"I'm just a substitute. The burglar who is regularly assigned to this district is in jail."

HEARTY APPRECIATION

"Will you pull me out of this hole?" asked the owner of the stalled Rolls-Royce, addressing a man who had rattled up in a Ford. "I'll give you \$5.00."

"You'll have to excuse me. I ain't got any rope, and I'm in a hurry, but thank you for the compliment, just the same."

GREW SUDDENLY WORSE

"You're not looking very well," said the head of the firm, addressing the office boy. "I think you had better take a day off."

"I can't afford it. My mother needs all I can earn every week."

"Oh, never mind that. You will get your full pay, just the same. I wouldn't think of docking you for being away on account of illness."

"Gee, but I feel bad. I'm almost sure I won't be able to come to work tomorrow, either."

WHAT THEY WANT MOST

The Soubrette—The prima donna's part.

The Father of Twins—A lodge in some vast wilderness.

The Editor—A subscribers' waiting list.

The Lover—A later midnight.

The Poet—A position as star boarder.

The Press Agent—An increase of faith.

The Public Officeholder—To be let alone.

The Adventuress—A foolish love letter.

IT WORE HER OUT, FINALLY

"My mother raised eleven children," he said when his wife had complained about her hard lot, "and she never had a trained nurse in the house or made a fuss when little things happened."

"Yes," she replied, "and see what happened to her."

"She lived to be nearly 90."

"I know, and she showed her age awfully."

A MEAN INSINUATION

"John dear, I have been dreadfully insulted!" cried the young wife to her husband on his return home.

"Insulted by whom?" he asked in astonishment.

"B-by your mother," she answered, bursting into tears.

"My mother, Dora darling? Nonsense! She's miles away."

"A letter came for you this morning in your mother's handwriting, so I—I opened it. It was written to you. In the—the postscript," the young wife continued tearfully, "it s-said: 'Dear Dora—Don't fail to give this letter to Harry.'"

SURE OF THAT MUCH

"What's the trouble, old man? You look as if you had been attending a funeral."

"I have. Poor old Dick! You knew Dick Jones, didn't you?"

"Is Dick dead?"

"If he isn't, they've played a dirty trick on him."

FORTUNE TELLING

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS

"Spirit," murmured the medium, "are you there? If so, rap once. If not, twice."

HEAVILY HANDICAPPED

"There's a dark woman on your husband's trail," said the fortune-teller. "She seems to be determined to catch him."

"All right. She'll have to go some. I buried him three years ago."

HER NATIVE CITY

"You were born in the sign of Sagittarius," began the astrologer.

"Stop right there," exclaimed Mrs. Newrich. "You're a fraud. I was born in Keokuk."

HIS BRIGHT FUTURE

HE—"Dearest, our engagement is off. A fortuneteller just told me I was to marry a blonde in a month."

SHE—"Oh, that's all right. I can be a blonde in a month."

SATISFIED

"Did that clairvoyant give you any satisfaction?"

"Yes. She charged me only 50 cents. I had expected to pay at least a dollar."

TIME TO BACK UP

"You are going to marry a lady with lots of money," said the fortune teller.

"Anything else?" asked the eager one.

"Your salary will be raised before long."

"Go ahead. Do you see anything else that is encouraging?"

"You will in a short time start on a trip around the world."

"Fine. What else?"

"Your worst enemy will be ruined before the year is ended."

"Say, wait. You're getting things mixed. Just before I came in here a man in whose judgment I have a lot of confidence told me I was my own worst enemy. Let's go back to the trip around the world and start again."

WILLING TO PAY FOR WHAT HE
WANTED

"You are going to marry a rich widow," said the fortune-teller.

"Here," replied the man whose hand was being held, "is another dollar. Make her a young maiden and beautiful."

THE SEER

VISITOR (*nervously*): Does the crystal gazer live here?

MAID: Yes, sir; but's he's over at the palmist's getting his hand read.

AN IMPORTANT DETAIL

"Your husband will be brave, handsome, rich, generous, and——"

"Before you go any farther," interrupted the lady who was having the future spread before her view, "please tell me how to get rid of the mean, sneaking, shiftless, stingy one I'm married to now."

A SLIM CHANCE

"You are either going to inherit money, or some investment that you have made will bring you a fortune."

"How soon is this going to happen?"

"I'll have to charge a dollar more to tell you that."

"I haven't any more money to spare, but tell me, and I'll pay you a hundred dollars as soon as this fortune comes to me."

"No. I've been in business too long to take any risk like that."

GAY GADDERS

KNEW WHEREOF SHE SPOKE

A woman describing her travels in Switzerland, told how she had seen the Lake of Geneva and Lac Lemman.

"But," said one of her hearers, "the Lake of Geneva and Lac Lemman are synonymous."

"Oh, yes, I know," she replied, "but Lac Lemman is much more synonymous of the two."

THE BENIGHTED MOUNTAINEER

A traveler who was proceeding along a country road in the Eastern Kentucky hill-country, speaking to a be-whiskered native, asked:

"How far it is from here to Knoxville?"

"Dunno," replied the mountaineer.

"Have you any idea how far it is to the Tennessee line?"

"Nope. Never heard."

"What's your opinion of the theory of evolution?"

"Ain't never heard of it."

"You've heard of George Washington, haven't you?"

"Nope."

"Andrew Jackson?"

"Nope."

"Well, have you ever heard of God?"

"Um, is his last name Dam?"

HE MUST HAVE BEEN SCOTCH

"How about the 12 o'clock train?" panted the stranger, as he rushed to the ticket window. "Is it on time?"

"No. It's about four hours late. But the 9 o'clock train will be along in a few minutes," the station agent replied.

"Fine! Have a cigar. One ticket to Milledgeville."

"But the 9 o'clock train's going the other way."

"Gimme back that cigar!"

SENSITIVE

"Why did that man get angry when I asked him what state he hailed from?"

"He's from Kansas, and was dropped here after having been carried a good many miles by a cyclone."

FULL OF IT

A young lady who was enjoying her first trip abroad, wrote a post card to one of her friends, who was somewhat surprised to get this message:

"Last night I reclined in a gondola on the wonderful Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before. Wish you were here."

THE BROADENING INFLUENCE OF TRAVEL

Mrs. Chatter: What impressed you the most while you were in Europe?

Mrs. Babble: The French pheasants singing the mayonnaise.

NO TORTURE CHAMBER COMPLETE
WITHOUT ONE

"And here," said the guide who was conducting the party of tourists through the ancient castle, "is the torture chamber."

After she had looked all around very curiously for a moment, one of the ladies in the party asked:

"Where is the thing they used for making permanent waves in those days?"

NOT TO BE LOOKED DOWN ON

"Twenty centuries are looking down at us!" he exclaimed when he and his wife stood before the great pyramid.

"Well," she replied, "if that's the case, let's get out of here. I think, with our money, we have a right to be looked up to."

A NATURAL MISTAKE

Stranger—Can you direct me to the state capitol?

The Postman—That white building with the tall columns, up at the head of the street.

Stranger—Thank you. I supposed that was a filling station.

JUST MISSED HIM

"Did you visit the Alhambra while you were in Spain?"

"No. We was goin' to, but he left the day before on a shootin' trip with the King."

DIDN'T KNOW MIKE

"Well, now that you have been over here several weeks, what do you think of America?"

"It's a great place—really astonishing, don't you know. But there is one thing I would like to ask you. I have tried to find out about it by looking in the reference books, but they give me no information on the subject. I find in your histories a great deal about Lincoln and Washington and Grant, but there's one of your heroes that I cawn't find out a word about. It's very strange. I'm astonished, really."

"Who is the man you refer to?"

"Mike Huntry."

"Mike Huntry? I never heard of him."

"Never heard of him? Why, I've heard of him at nearly every place I've been since I arrived on this side. Every time I have been where there was a band and people got up to sing they were sure to begin 'Mike Huntry, 'tis of thee.' And you don't know who he was or what he did! It's astonishing, really."

HER DEPARTURE

She took a train at Sunrise,
It was 5 o'clock P. M.;
She had a dozen bundles
And, of course, took all of them.

At Sunrise in the evening—
Do you ask how that could be?
She took a train at Sunrise—
Down at Sunrise, Tennessee.

PLEASING SOUNDS

"What is more delightful than the careless prattle of a child?" asked the fond father.

"Have you ever heard the rattle of a train for which you have been waiting nine hours at a lonely little station 750 miles from home?" replied the traveling man.

THE KIND SHE WANTED

A lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad. "There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you could tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I am always forgetting mine."

SHE HAD

"Have you anything to declare?" asked the customs inspector.

"Yes," replied the lady who was returning from Europe. "I unhesitatingly declare that it is an outrage the way this government permits things to be mussed up in one's trunk."

MUST HAVE BEEN BAD

"How do you like it here?" asked the man who had just arrived at the summer resort.

"It's rotten," replied the man who had been half starved, half frozen, and almost eaten alive by mosquitoes. "I'm so disgusted that I have a notion to go home, although my wife gave me leave to stay away ten days longer."

UNFAIR SECRECY

"You'll have to pay for that child, madam," said the conductor.

"But he's only six years old."

"We collect fare for all children over 5."

"You do? Well, why don't you have your foolish old rules put up where people can see them?"

A FAMILIAR PROCEDURE

"Why are you buying all those guide books? Are you going away?"

"No. I've just got back from a long trip and I want to find out something about the places I visited."

LUCID DIRECTIONS

"Will you kindly show me the way to the principal public hall?" asked the stranger who had stepped from the train.

"I guess you want to go to the Grand Op'ry house, don't you?" the native replied.

"Yes; I believe it is the Grand Opera house. I am to deliver a lecture here tonight."

"Yep. The Grand Op'ry house is where it's to be. Go up there till you come to the Metropolitan livery stable, then turn to your left and go up to the Sen Reejis huttel, and turn the corner. Keep on till you come to the Bon Ton Laundry and just beyond that you'll see the Occidental harness-shop. The op'ry house is upstairs over it."

"Thanks."

HATED TO ENCOURAGE IT

"Can you direct me to the nearest hotel?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," replied the old inhabitant, "I can, but I hate to do it."

"Why so?"

"Its one of these places where you've got to take a bath along with your room, even if you only expect to stay three or four days."

CLEANING THE OLD THING UP

"I suppose you saw the Parthenon when you were in Athens?"

"No, I'm sorry. That's one thing we missed. They had it closed for repairs the day we were there."

WANTED TO LIVE ON

"And did you see Venice?"

"No, certainly not."

"I'm surprised. I should think you'd have wanted to go there, of all places."

"Why so? Didn't somebody once say, 'See Venice and die?'"

Golf

A STROKE OF LUCK

He drove far out of bounds to where
The ripened corn was tall,
Yet, he was not inclined to swear,
For she was lovely who was there
To help him hunt the ball.

JUDGED BY WHAT HE SAID

"I want some golf-balls for a gentleman, please."

"Certainly, madam. What kind does he like?"

"Well, the only time I saw him play he used a small white ball. But from what he said I'm not sure that he cared much for it."

MAKING HEADWAY

MABEL—"How is your husband getting on with golf?"

ALICE—"Oh, very well indeed. The children are allowed to watch him now."

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE

The difference between learning golf and motoring is that in golf at first you hit nothing and in motoring you hit everything.

A GRAND GAME

"I had a fine game of golf with Mac Donald yesterday," said Hutchinson. "He played a gr-r-rand game. His driving was wonderful. His work wi' the brawssie was per-r-rfect. He never missed wi' his mashie, and his putting—ah, man, you should have seen his putting! It was mar-r-rvelous! He played a gr-r-rand game."

"And how many strokes did he beat you, Mac?" asked Simpson.

"Huh! I wasna' beaten."

UP TO THE CADDY

Presenting a guest card at one of the famous golf courses, an old gentleman whose nationality was clearly indicated by his speech, selected a caddy, and asked:

"Boy are you good at findin' balls?"

"Yes, sir," the caddy replied.

"Weel, then, find one, and we'll be startin'."

HEARTFELT ADVICE

It was at St. Andrews that an elderly beginner, fully equipped with a heavy bag of clubs and a caddie, started around. His play was so very bad that the caddy almost wept.

At last the player became bunkered in one of the most impregnable hazards on the course. After endeavoring to dislodge the ball with every club in his bag, he turned to the caddie and asked feebly:

"What shall I take now?"

"Poison."

COULDN'T GO ON

"You, a Scotchman and don't play golf?"

"Na, na! I used to play, but gave it up twenty years ago."

"But why?"

"I lost my ball."

PERFECTLY SAFE

A man who was leading a little girl by the hand stood at the first tee, watching the players as they started on their Sunday morning round of golf.

After a couple of foursomes had succeeded in getting away, a player, addressing the father of the child, asked:

"Don't you think it's rather risky for your little girl around here?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "Scarlet fever left her quite deaf."

HIS GLORY

One of his ancestors was at Crecy and Agincourt.

Another of his forefathers was at Blenheim.

His great-grandfather exhibited such bravery at Princeton that he was personally praised by Washington.

His grandfather was with Scott in Mexico, and won promotion for the gallantry he exhibited at Buena Vista.

His father was conspicuous at Gettysburg and was with Grant when the end came at Appomattox.

But what was their glory in comparison with his?

He once was the runner-up in a state championship golf tournament.

GRATIFICATION

"Why do you belong to the golf club? I have never seen you playing."

"I get so much satisfaction out of sitting around and watching the men keeping the greens in order. I once had to work for a living myself."

OUT FOR HIS HEALTH

Player—Did you see my ball hit that tree, caddie?

Middle-Aged Caddie—No, sir, I hain't got but one eye and that ain't prime.

"Well, did you hear it strike the tree?"

"No, sir. I be a bit 'ard of 'earin'."

"Then what the deuce are you doing carrying clubs?"

"Well, sir, they told me as 'ow it would be good for my fits."

HE LIKED THE JOB

On a Tasmanian golf course there was a shortage of caddies. A farm laborer who had never seen golf played was therefore pressed into service.

After two rounds the player for whom he had caddied presented him with payment far beyond a laborer's daily wage.

The impoverished caddie was naturally anxious for a further engagement. So, as he handed over the clubs, he asked politely:

"Might your Honor be diggin' here again about the same time tomorrow?"

HIS FIRST THOUGHT

"And what," she asked, "was your first thought when you looked over the rim of the Grand Canyon?"

"What a wonderful place to tee-off," replied the man who was still hoping that he would some day be able to break 80.

A FAIR ASSUMPTION

"I think you played my ball," said a golfer who had hurried up to another on the fairway.

"Why do you think it was your ball?"

"I saw you roll it into a good lie, and, being a true sportsman, you wouldn't, of course, do that with your own ball."

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

A man was held up by two thugs who had to put up a terrible fight in order to get their victim under control. Finally, after a bloody fight the robbers got their man down and searched him. They found only twenty-five cents in his pockets.

"Say, what's the idea," cried one of the thieves, after they allowed the fellow to get up, "of putting up such a fight for a mere two bits? You nearly had us both licked. Now beat it. But before you go, tell us why you fought to protect twenty-five cents."

"Well," said the victim, "I was afraid you were going to take the two new golf balls I have in my coat pocket."

HOLY MATRIMONY

HIS BAD HABIT

"But why should you be so miserable? Your husband, you say, doesn't drink nor use tobacco, and as I understand it he doesn't belong to any lodges. It seems to me that almost any woman ought to be happy with such a man."

"Oh, but you don't know the worst," she complained; "he's a triplet and insists on going to a reunion every year."

EASY FOR HIM

"My wife has a twin sister who looks so much like her that you would not be able to tell them apart."

"I suppose it has become easy for you to do so?"

"Yes, but it wouldn't be if my wife showed the same respect for me that her sister does."

USUALLY

A woman usually has more faith in her husband's watch, even if it is a cheap one, than she has in him.

BRACED FOR BAD NEWS

WIFE—"That boy of ours gets more like you every day."

HUSBAND (meekly)—"What's he been up to now?"

SOME OF THE EXCEPTIONS

The horse with calmest eye may not
Be easiest to ride;
She may not be most innocent
Who has a blush to hide;
'Tis not the biggest oyster that
May have the pearl inside,
'Tis not the finest wedding where
The strongest knot is tied.

GETTING TO THE POINT

"Harry, I am beginning to believe the baby looks like you."

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes, I notice it more and more every day. I'm so glad."

"Do you really want him to look like me?"

"Of course I do. I've been sorry ever since we had him christened that we didn't give him your name."

"Sweetheart, you don't know how happy you make me by saying that."

"And, Harry, dear—I saw the loveliest dress today. I don't believe I ever saw anything that was so becoming to me. It's \$65. Do you think I ought to pay that much for a dress?"

GOT MORE THAN HE EXPECTED

"Did your wife turn out to be all you expected her to be?"

"More. When I married her she was as slim as a young gazelle. Now she weighs nearly 200 pounds."

FOR TWO YEARS

"For two years after I was married I was ashamed to meet the preacher who united my wife and me in the holy bonds. You see, in my excited condition, I made a blunder and gave him a \$5 bill instead of \$20, which I intended to hand him. I suppose he thought I was mighty cheap, but I couldn't very well explain it without making myself ridiculous or causing him to suspect that I was lying about it."

"You say you felt that way for two years?"

"Yes. After that I began to be sorry I had given him anything."

HE WOULD BE DIFFERENT

"I can twist my husband around my little finger," said the Circassian beauty.

"That's all right," replied the fat lady, "but if you had married the ossified man instead of a contortionist you'd find him a harder customer to deal with."

WEARY OF FROWNING

"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me, Mandy?"

"Stay away, niggah; I'se just smilin' to rest mah face."

A SKEPTIC'S FAITH

"You seem to be a terrible skeptic. Don't you believe in anything?"

"Yes, there's one thing that I still believe in. That's my wife's ability to smell my breath four blocks away when I've had a drink."

THE BEGINNING OF SUSPICION

"What a charming baby! Does it resemble your husband?"

"Gracious, I hope not! We adopted it."

HIS TURN TO RULE

"It is as true today as it ever was," he said. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

"Very well," his wife called from the next room. "Come in and rule the world for a while. I'm tired."

EXCUSED

"Were you sick yesterday, Mr. Bobbison?" asked the head of the firm.

"No, sir," replied the new clerk.

"Well, I didn't notice you at your desk."

"No, sir. I didn't come downtown."

"You know the rule here, do you not? No employe is permitted to be absent without a good excuse—sickness or an accident or something of that sort. I can't permit you to take liberties that are not enjoyed by other people who work in this establishment. I never am absent myself unless there is a very good reason. Did you stay away for pleasure or on some other account?"

"It was for pleasure."

"Bad, sir—very bad. I cannot permit it."

"But, let me explain. My wife was so hoarse that she couldn't talk, and I thought I'd like to spend the day at home."

"Oh, all right. Pardon me if I seem to be arbitrary."

WHERE THE ARGUMENT STOPPED

"I see you bought an automobile."

"Yes."

"You were saying a few weeks ago that you couldn't afford one. Have you had a streak of luck?"

"No, but my wife got a license to run a car."

THE CATCH IN IT

"When I got home last night my wife met me at the door and kissed me, and she had the best dinner ready that she had ever cooked since I've known her."

"What did she want, a new fur coat, or merely a diamond bracelet?"

"Neither. She told me this morning that she had invited her mother to visit us for a month."

A FOOLISH BIRD

"I hear your wife has sold her parrot."

"Yes."

"I'm surprised. I thought she was very fond of the bird."

"She was, but it developed a tendency to insist on having the last word."

THEIR HAPPY HOME

"What were your father and mother quarreling about this morning, Willie?"

"Ma claimed Pa would be married again inside of a year if she died, and he denied that he'd ever get married again if he was lucky enough to get out of it this time."

AN UNACCEPTED CHALLENGE

The strong man in the circus sideshow had been flirting with the Circassian beauty, and his wife had caught him at it.

After she had pursued him into the animal tent and around among the elephants and camels, he made a dash for it, and succeeded in getting into the lions' cage, where he took refuge behind the largest and most ferocious beast in the herd.

"You coward!" shouted the exasperated woman. "I dare you to come out of there."

UNNECESSARY EXERTION

Brown was greatly excited when he reached Green's office.

"I just saw Gray running away with your wife," he said.

"I wonder why he was running?" Green calmly replied.

A DEAR FRIEND

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three weddin' presents an' two wreaths."

THE BRUTE

"Do you think we have gained anything by equal suffrage?"

"Sure. When my wife comes home at night after she has been campaigning all day she's so hoarse that she can hardly talk."

A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT

"My husband has threatened to sue me for divorce," sobbed the beautiful actress.

"Cheer up," said her manager. "Nearly every actress has been sued for divorce."

"I know, but think what the public will say. I have always tried to be all that a wife should be. Now nobody will believe it."

"If you're innocent, why don't you fight the case?"

"That's the trouble. I'm afraid if I fought the case they wouldn't give him the divorce."

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE'S ADVANTAGE

"Papa," said a preacher's little daughter, "when I grow up I'm never going to marry either a minister or a doctor that gives people medicine."

"Why, dear?" he asked. "Don't you like preachers and doctors? You know preachers and doctors ought to be the most useful men there are. Doctors try to save people in this world and preachers do their best to save them in the next. Isn't that pretty good business?"

"Yes," replied little Caroline, "but Dr. Pelletier's wife was here calling on mamma to-day and they got to talking about things, and Mrs. Pelletier said when she was sick it was always just terrible to think of taking any of her husband's medicine. And then mamma said: 'Oh, but you're an awfully great deal more lucky than if you were a preacher's wife. You only have to refuse to take the medicine when you're sick, but a preacher preaches every Sunday.'"

PERFECTLY SCANDALOUS

"Isn't it a shame the way he's going on, and his wife not dead a year yet!"

"What's he doing?"

"He had a manicure last week, and now he's talking of having porcelain fillings put in his front teeth."

UNFORTUNATE HASTE

"My husband," said a woman whose temper frequently got beyond her control, "proposed before he had known me two hours."

"How," asked a player at one of the other bridge tables, "did you manage to hold him to it?"

A THEORY VINDICATED

"Are you lucky at cards?" she asked.

"Not at all," he replied.

"Then you must be lucky in love."

"I suppose I am. I've been divorced three times, and I had one wife who died."

ALL THE CREDIT ON HER SIDE

"How strange," said the caller, "that the baby should have dark eyes when both you and its papa have blue eyes. Perhaps your husband's people are inclined to be dark. That, of course——"

"Oh, no," the happy young mother hastened to explain. "dark eyes run in my own family. I have two aunts by marriage with that kind."

AS TRUE AS EVER

In spite of what the skeptics say
The ancient adage holds good still;
Where there's a will there is a way,
That is, if it's a woman's will.

ONCE

"You never, somehow, say the right thing at the right time," his wife complained.

"I know it," he said sadly, "but you seemed to think I did once."

RANDOM GUESS

"Why is it that most married women are inclined to frown upon the woman who has been divorced?"

"I think it is because they condemn her for being too weak to go on suffering and pretending to like it."

INFALLIBLE

"I have an infallible rule for pleasing my wife."

"What is it?"

"I always tell her what I would prefer to do and then do the other thing."

YIELDING TO CIRCUMSTANCES

"What's the matter with you, old man? Anything wrong with your back?"

"No. My wife made the shirt I'm wearing, and I have to walk this way to fit it."

PREPARING FOR THE ENCOUNTER

She spent the entire morning in a beauty parlor. She had her lashes curled and her nails manicured; she reddened her lips, and administered a dash of color to her cheeks.

It took her nearly three hours to get dressed. She put on the best clothes she possessed and borrowed a beautiful ring from her sister. When she was ready, at last, she stood for a long time before her mirror and subjected herself to a critical examination.

One might have supposed that she was about to be presented at court, but it was nothing like that.

She was merely going to meet a woman who had once been engaged to her husband.

EASY TO TELL

"Don't you think the married men as well as the married women ought to wear wedding rings?"

"What would be the use? You can tell whether a man's married or not, even if he doesn't wear a wedding ring?"

"How?"

"If a man isn't married he's almost sure to shave every morning."

SETTING HIMSELF RIGHT

"John, have you forgotten what day this is?"

"The anniversary of our wedding."

"No. It was just a year ago today that mother passed away."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I knew it was a very sad occasion of some kind, my dear."

SUCCESS

"I think," he said, "I have at last found the key to success.

"Well," his wife replied, "if you are going to fumble around with it as you generally do with your night key there will be a long wait before us yet."

THE UNBELIEVER

"I am deeply pained," said the good man, "to hear you scoff. Surely you cannot mean what you say. You must believe in a hereafter."

"No," the scoffer replied, "I don't believe in a hereafter, and I don't want to."

"I am astonished to hear a man of your intelligence make such a remark. I consider it my duty to endeavor to convince you that there is a future where all the mistakes committed here will have to be accounted for. But, aside from that, think how glorious it will be to meet beyond the grave all those who have gone before."

"Hold on, friend—stop right where you are. It's meeting those who have gone before that makes me want to keep from believing in a hereafter."

"My dear sir, I cannot fathom your meaning."

"Well, if you'd buried four wives, as I have, your fathoming powers might be keener. If there's any meeting beyond the grave you can guess what I'll get from at least three of them."

CAN YOU BLAME HIM?

"What's the trouble, Mr. Rockingham? You look worried."

"I am," replied the aged millionaire, who had married a young woman. "A deep, dark suspicion has entered my mind. My wife has compelled me to quit wearing rubbers."

SHE KNEW HIS WEAKNESS

"When my wife wants to ask me to do something for her she always gives me one of my favorite dishes—brains, for example."

"Ah, I see. She attacks you on your weak spot."

READY FOR THE ORDEAL

"Before we were married you said you would go through fire and water for me."

"All right. Show me a combination of the two and I will."

A SEVERE TEST

"My husband says he has knocked off cussing for good."

"Do you think he will hold out?"

"Well, we will see how he gets by this month's gas bill."

UNFORTUNATE DELAY

"Most men never think seriously of acquiring a fortune until they're married."

"Perhaps they only realize then how much they need one!"

HARSH WORDS, AND GENTLE

AN EXPLANATION BY EDWARD

The Rev. Dr. Goodman's little son was playing with some other boys in the yard, near a window of the library in which the eminent theologian was preparing his sermon for the following Sunday.

In a collision with one of his playmates little Edward got a bad bump, and exclaimed: "Oh, darn it!"

"Edward," the minister called, "come in here," and Edward went in.

"I heard you say 'Oh, darn it,' a moment ago, the father reproved. "What did you mean by saying that?"

"I meant 'Oh, damn it,' " Edward replied.

ALWAYS READY TO OBLIGE

"Look here," said the head of the firm when the office boy had obeyed his call, "I heard you swearing just now. You're too young to use such language. Don't ever let me hear anything like that from you again."

"All right, but you'd of swore, too, if you'd of been in my place."

"What happened?"

"The beautiful stenographer got her thumb pinched when she closed the drawer of her desk and she wanted me to say what she thought."

WILLIAM'S RESTRAINT

An old maid who lived in a London suburb was shocked at the language used by the men repairing the telephone wires near her house.

She wrote to the company about it, and the foreman was asked to report.

This he did as follows:

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job. I was up the telephone pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall upon Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said, 'You really must be more careful, Harry.'"

OPEN TO CRITICISM

A spinster whose nephew, just out of college, had induced her to accompany him to a circus, was standing in front of the tank occupied by the hippopotamus when the animal stuck its head up and opened a mouth into which one might have driven a Ford.

"My!" exclaimed the astonished lady; "ain't he plain!"

THE SOFT PEDAL

A minister's little daughter came home from school in great concern.

"Isn't Devil a horrible word to be in the Bible, Daddy?" she asked. "It was in my portion this afternoon, but I coughed when I came to it and wouldn't read it."

It was, however, on another occasion that a curate rendered a well known passage:

"He that believeth not shall be damned, *as it were*."

MERRIMENT RESENTED

A sailor brought home a parrot for his old mother. "It is a clever bird," said he, "and never indulges in swearing or obscene talk. It can do very amusing tricks."

His mother, therefore, summoned her friends to tea, and the parrot was shown to them.

"What about these tricks?" asked the mother.

"Well," said the sailor, "there's the tightrope trick."

Accordingly, they stretched a piece of rope from one side of the room to the other, and the parrot solemnly walked across, balancing itself with great ingenuity. The spectators laughed heartily at this ridiculous sight. Whereupon the parrot, on reaching the far end of the rope, turned upon them, and said sharply:

"Yes! Very funny, I admit, but damned difficult!"

COULDN'T BE MISTAKEN

BUTLER: A lady wishes to speak to you on the 'phone, sir.

YOUNG LORDLING: How do you know she is a lady?

BUTLER: She said, "Is that you, old pickled onion?" when I answered, sir!

GENTLE FANNIE

"What are you laughing at, Mabel?"

"I've just got a letter from Cousin Fannie."

"I never suspected that your Cousin Fannie was much of a humorist. Where is she?"

"In Holland. She says she intends to send me picture postcards from Rotterdash and Amsterblank."

AN AWFUL THREAT

A woman witness was giving evidence at Marlborough Street, London, in connection with an assault on her husband.

After repeating fluently much lurid language used by the defendant, she added:

"And then, me Worship, 'e mide use of a very coarse and disgustin' expression. But I wouldn't sile me lips by repeatin' of it."

"Come," said the Clerk, "you've told us a good deal, you know. You must tell what he said."

Very bashfully the witness repeated the awful words. "'E said 'e'd brike 'im up to mike roads wiv!"

WORKING UP TO IT GRADUALLY

"Go on, please," said the lawyer. "Tell us about the affair in your own way."

"Well," the witness replied, "we was hangin' out our washin' and she calls me an old scarecrow, and says I'm a regular hag and a sloppy housekeeper and if she had my face she'd use it to scare the children with when they acted ugly, and if her arms was long enough she'd pull every hair out of my head."

"And after that, what happened?"

"After that she got nasty and called me hard names."

THE HELP QUESTION

BETTER THAN MERE MONEY

"How splendid it was of Mrs. Willoughby to leave \$50,000 to the Old Ladies' Home, I never supposed she would do it."

"It was nice of her, wasn't it? But she left me something better than that."

"Oh, did she? I hadn't heard about that. What did she leave to you?"

"I inherited her cook."

AS THEY SAY IN SPANISH

"What became of your Swedish cook?"

"Oh, she got her Irish up and took French leave."

TOO GOOD TO BE PASSED UP

"How have you managed to keep your maid all this time? She has been with you for nearly three years, hasn't she?"

"Yes. It seems that we are about the only people in town who are able to furnish a heated garage for her car."

GONE TO GLORY

"John, you must put an advertisement in the paper for another maid tomorrow. Mary is in paradise now."

"Did she start the fire by pouring oil on it?"

"No; she got a chance to work in a crockery shop."

WHY LET RELIGION INTERFERE?

"I'm sorry, but if you'll read my advertisement again you'll see that I distinctly said a Scandinavian cook."

"Lawd sake! What diffuence do it make what a lady's 'ligion am, if she can cook?"

A PROFESSIONAL REQUIREMENT

"I shouldn't think you'd need to keep a second maid."

"I shouldn't only the first maid insists on having an understudy."

A REASONABLE REASON

Mistress—"Why don't you light the fire?"

Maid—"Because there ain't no coal."

Mistress—"Why didn't you let me know before?"

Maid—"Because we had some before."

PERFECTLY SAFE

The spinster who continued to refer to legs as limbs asked the maid whether she had given the canary its morning bath.

"Yes," the maid replied; "you may come in now."

MEANT WHAT SHE SAID

Mistress—How is your husband, Martha?

Martha—Ve'y po'ly, ma'am; ve'y po'ly. He's got exclamatory rheumatism.

Mistress—You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory means to cry out.

Martha—Yes, ma'am, dat's what it is. He hollers somepin' awful.

IT WAS ALL WILLIE'S FAULT

"I guess we'll have to find a new cook," said Smithers when he reached the office.

"How's that?" his partner asked.

"When Willie refused to get up this morning, after I'd called him several times, I went into his room, turned down the covers, and gave him a good spanking."

"Yes, what has that to do with your cook?"

"I found out afterward that Willie had stayed with his cousin all night, and the cook had slept in his bed."

NO COMPLAINT TO OFFER

"And how do you like your new mamma?" asked the minister, who was making his regular round of calls.

"Fine," replied little Harold. "I broke one of her nice, new dishes yesterday, and she blamed it on the cook."

OUT OF LUCK

"Ah suttinly does hate to lose dis job," sighed the colored maid, upon being discharged.

"You have a family to support?" asked her late mistress.

"No'm, but Ah's got an engagement to be broke, and no address."

MISJUDGED

"Why should you be so discouraged, Mrs. Wattleson? It seems to me that you are always complaining. Yet you have never suffered a great loss."

"Haven't I? Our cook left day before yesterday and she weighed at least 200 pounds."

ASKING TOO MUCH

Mary gave notice that she was going to be married. Her mistress, slightly perturbed, said: "Of course, I don't want to put any obstacle in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible for you to postpone it until I can get another maid."

"Well, mum," Mary replied, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put it off!"

THE LORD'S EXAMPLE

"Surely, Miranda," said her mistress, "you're not going to marry again when the Lord just took Rastus."

"Yes, I shuah am," replied Miranda. "As long as the Lawd takes 'em, so will I."

THE FACTS IN THE CASE

"How many servants does your mother keep?" asked the lady who had just moved into the neighborhood.

"None," replied little Janet, "but we hire lots."

TAKING NO CHANCE

"But why do you insist upon being paid in advance? It has always been my custom to pay my help at the end of the week."

"That's all right, ma'am, for them that stays a week, but I hardly ever do."

NOT AFRAID

"I think I ought to tell you that my husband is a very particular man. He is likely to swear horribly if he is kept waiting for his meals."

"That's all right, missus, lave him to me. If he starts annything like that I'll show him how to behave in the prisince av a lady."

SUSPICIOUS

"Why do you think your husband is untrue to you?"

"Before we got that good-looking housemaid he kept talking about taking a trip for his health."

"Yes?"

"Now he claims he can't afford to go away."

LITTLE INADVERTENCES

A NEW HISTORICAL NOTE

It was a North Carolina editor who permitted this to slip from his pen:

"Lincoln wrote the 'Gettysburg Address' while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelop."

OR SPILLS THE BEANS

This one was found in the Editorial column of a Michigan paper:

"Every man should stick to his trade. When he goes prowling about in strange pastures he spoils the broth."

REST FOR STORK AND UNDERTAKER

An Iowa editor published this heartfelt explanation:

"Owing to the lack of space and the rush of editing this issue, several births and deaths will be postponed until next week."

A LARGE QUARTETTE

A Colorado paper went to extremes as follows:

"The thirty voice male quartet of the Methodist Church will sing several special numbers at the evening hour of worship."

DID HE GET ANY?

It was in a Chicago paper that a mix-up of Headlines brought about this result:

FORMER REPRESENTATIVE DIES AT EVANSVILLE

Only Reason He Gives is That He Likes Excitement

AN APPRECIATED RIDDANCE

A Wyoming Editor may or may not have meant it when he published this personal item:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ed Watts have taken positions with Mr. Thomas and moved from town Thursday. Here's hoping they will like their new home and stay a long time."

WHAT MORE COULD BE DESIRED

In a message to Congress, one of the Presidents of this great and glorious Republic made the reassuring statement that "the United States are at peace with all the world, and sustain amicable relations with the rest of mankind."

A JOB LOT

A New Orleans paper indulged in this reminiscence of slavery days:

"Gus D. Blank, well-known agent of the Cadillac Auto Company, will shortly occupy the handsome Bacher Home, 3504 Napoleon Avenue with his family, which he recently purchased."

ALWAYS A CHANCE

This one is from an accident insurance advertisement:

"Take out a policy. One customer got her arm broke the other day and we paid her \$500. You may be the lucky one tomorrow."

AN ABLE OPERATOR

"The father of the girl," said a Brooklyn paper, "was awarded, in addition, \$5,000 for expenses resulting from his daughter's injury. He operates a grocery store and six other children."

ONLY A FEW LEFT

The New York Times is responsible for this encouraging note:

"Arrests of pickpockets throughout this era during the last two weeks have been 150 percent. fewer than during the same period last year."

SOMEBODY OUGHT TO WIN

It was in an Ohio paper that the following newsy item appeared:

"General Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu were reported to be joining to attack Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general, opening the way for an attack of their forces on the Cantonese troops. His forces will support Edwin T. Meredith, of Iowa, or Governor Angus McLean, of North Carolina, should William G. McAdoo not seek the Democratic Presidential nomination."

INQUISITIVE CHILDREN

ANOTHER OF NATURE'S WONDERS

A little boy who was visiting his grandfather in the country saw a cow, for the first time, and asked what those things on her head were.

"Those are horns," he was told.

Just then the cow indulged in a sorrowful moo.

"Which one of them did she blow that time, grandpa?" the little boy asked.

WHY HE WANTED TO KNOW

"Auntie, were you ever married?"

"No, my child. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Mother said one day that somewhere in the world there was some man that the homeliest woman could get if she wanted him."

CLEVER HATCHING

A woman and her little daughter stopped to look at some downy chicks that were running around in a drug store window.

"They were hatched out in an incubator, dear," said the mother.

"Were they?" the little girl replied. "No one could tell them from real ones."

OF THE SAME BREED

"Pop," inquired little Clarence Lilywhite, "what am a millennium?"

"Sho," replied the parent, "doan you know what a millennium am, chile? It's jes' about de same as a centennial, on'y it's got mo' legs."

IN GOOD ORDER

A little girl, holding a bedraggled doll in her arms, was watching a fond young mother bathing her baby.

"How long have you had her?" the child asked.

"Nearly three months," the mother replied.

"My, but you've kept her nice!"

PERFECTLY CLEAR

"Pa, what's a scintilla?"

"A scintilla? Why—er—a scintilla is something there isn't anything of."

SHE UNDOUBTEDLY WAS

Children sometimes unwitting make use of expressions that are much more comprehensive than carefully weighed words of their elders. A 4-year-old maiden while out walking with her father on Sunday morning saw approaching a church a woman who was noticeably over-dressed. The child gazed with wonder and admiration at the finery with which the woman had attempted to beautify herself and then exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, isn't she expensive!"

GETTING TO THE REAL WORK

Nine-year-old Betty, whose lesson in physiology the day before had involved learning the names of the bones of the extremities of the body, was taking her bath unassisted. After a few minutes of vigorous scrubbing, she called out to her aunt in the next room:

"Auntie, I've washed my humerus, ulna, radius, tibia, femur, figula, tarsus and phalanges. Now shall I wash my trunk?"

LUCKY RIP

"Pa, why did Rip Van Winkle sleep so long?"

"Well, one reason, I suppose, was that his wife wasn't there to wake him up every few minutes and tell him she was sure there were burglars in the house."

FROM HER VIEWPOINT

"Mother, what is altruism?"

"Well, dear, it is rather hard to explain; but if your father should really be glad on your account that you didn't take after him, that would be altruism."

IN THESE DAYS

"Daddy," asked Bobbie, "what do they call a man who hides behind a woman's skirts?"

"I don't know what they call him, but he must be a magician."

PAT AND HIS FRIENDS

INCONSIDERATE

Pat—Dennis, did you hear the thunder in the night?

Dennis—No, Pat; did it thunder?

Pat—Yes, it thundered as if hivven and earth would come together.

Dennis—Why didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape when it thunders.

O'REILLY WAS NOT HIMSELF

O'Reilly had obtained a job in a logging camp. It was long since he had been shaved, and his red beard had become one of the most prominent things about him.

After his first day's work he slept soundly, and some of his fellow "loggers" thought it a propitious time for having a bit of innocent sport with him, so they clipped his beard as closely as was possible without arousing him from his slumbers.

At the time for turning out the next morning, O'Reilly was aroused, and sleepily he approached the place at which the men washed up. There he happened to see his face reflected in a mirror, and after gazing at it a moment he turned back toward his bunk.

"Here," the boss demanded, "where are you going?"

"Back to bed," replied O'Reilly. "Yez called the wrong man."

WHY HE WORRIED

"Well, Pat," said the visitor, "we must all die once."

"That's phwat bothers me," replied the very sick man. "If Oi could die half a dozen times Oi wouldn't mind it this time."

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS

Pat and Mike had quarreled.

"If I saw yez drowndin' I wouldn't throw yez a rope," said Pat.

"And if yez did I wouldn't touch it," Mike proudly replied.

ON CALLING TERMS

Mrs. Riley: Are yez on callin' terms with our neighbor?

Mrs. Murphy: Oi am that. She called me a thafe an' Oi called her another.

ON THE SIDE OF THE WEAK

An Irishman, going down a country road, arrived in front of a farm yard, where a very large man and one who was rather undersized were cutting a log in two, using a common cross-cut saw.

First the big man pulled the saw one way, and then the smaller man pulled it back.

After watching the operation for a minute or two, the Irishman, visibly disgusted, said:

"Ah, why don't you let the little feller have it, you big stiff?"

AN AIR-TIGHT CASE

Pat had been arrested for assault and battery, and in order to prove an alibi he called in his friend Flannigan as a witness. Acting as his own lawyer, Pat conducted Flannigan's examination, as follows:

"What's yer name?"

"Michael Flannigan."

"Do you understand the nayture av an oath?"

"I do that."

"Well, then, tell the coort, av ye plaze, where I was when I sthruck the Chink in front av the post office."

FROM DIFFERENT LODGES

A man who went to register just before election was asked his trade. "Mason and builder," he replied. The next man in line was an old Irishman. When the question was put to him he said: "Knight o' Columbus an' bricklayer."

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT

McManus was stopped by a dignified looking person, who asked him for a match. After Mike had handed over the match, the other said:

"Thank you. It may interest you to know whom you have accommodated. I am Sir Henry Hinkham-Hankley, knight of the Golden Fleece, knight of St. Basil, knight of the Garter, knight of St. Croix, and knight of the Eagle. Will you permit me to ask who you are?"

"Michael McManus, night before last, last night, to-night, tomorrow night, and anny other nights you want to name."

FOOLED

Suddenly there was an awful crash. The express wagon was flung into the ditch by the roadside, where it settled into a shapeless mass. The old horse that had been attached to it, having been stripped of harness, trotted, in rather a frightened way, down a lane, away from danger. The automobile that had caused the damage whizzed away, the driver doubtless having thought it useless to stop for the purpose of offering first aid to the injured or finding out the extent of the havoc that had been wrought.

Presently from beneath the wreckage in the ditch a man crawled, bleeding at several of his pores and in various places protruding through his raiment. Slowly and painfully he rose to his feet, and then, seeing the automobile rushing away in the distance, he permitted a smile of sweet satisfaction to overspread his face as he said:

"Ha! 'Twas a good joke meself played on that felly. He thought I was goin' to tur-rn out av the road fer him."

USELESS ADVICE

"Well," said Cassidy's wife when he had told her about Regan's attempt to cheat him, "why don't yez go to him and tell him what yez think av him?"

"Yes," Cassidy replied, "and him bein' able to think av ugly names twice as fast as I can!"

HIS BIT OF LUCK

"Yes," Pat explained. "there were fourteen of us, and when the boat upset thirteen were drowned."

"And how did you escape?" the reporter asked.

"I wasn't in the boat."

SELF-DEFENSE

"Mike Mulcahy, take the witness chair."

Mike took it.

Having been first duly sworn he was asked to explain why he had assaulted Dennis Hogan. Nine witnesses had testified that they had seen Mike approach Dennis from behind and knock him down with a club.

"Well, your honor," said Mike, "it was a case of self-definse."

"Self-defense? How could it have been self-defense when the complainant did not know you were approaching him and had made no hostile demonstrations toward you?"

"I don't know anything about anny hostile dimonsthration, but it was self-definse."

"Do you mean that he had attempted to take your life or that he had assaulted you?"

"No, but I knowed he was goin' to do something av the koind, for I was on me way to elope wid his nixt to the ouldest daughter, knowin' he would rather go to her wake than see her married to a Mulcahy."

WHY HE WAS SAD

"You look sad, Mike. What's the matther?"

"Finnegan and Corrigan had a quarrel this mornin'. I was there."

"Did you get mixed up in it?"

"No. Nayther of thim would fight."

HAD NOTICED IT

"This is a hard world," said Pat as he knocked off for the day.

"Yis," said Mike, "Oi be thinking the same ivery toime I put me pick into it."

STOPPED JUST IN TIME

Two Irishmen were fishing in a small boat off the coast of Ireland. A strong breeze was blowing off-shore, and the fishermen were so deeply interested in their efforts to out-do each other that before they realized it they had drifted out of sight of land.

When they finally discovered their predicament they had become so confused in their minds that they did not know which way to turn for the purpose of getting back to their home shore.

For three days they were at sea. The small stock of food and water they had taken with them had been exhausted, and they were about to give up hope. In this extremity, Pat decided that he would pray for help, while Dennis managed the boat.

Getting down upon his knees, Pat began:

"Oh, Lord, look down upon us and have pity. Save us, and we——"

"Hold on, Pat," Dennis suddenly broke in, "don't commit yourself. I think I see land."

JOLLY JAIL BIRDS

A PERTINENT QUESTION

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wot you think we're doing," asked No. 3289, "digging fishworms?"

HE DID

"Don't you ever pant for freedom?" asked the kind lady, addressing a pale convict who had turned to look curiously at her after the guide had passed.

"Yes," he replied, "but I have looked in vain for breaches in these walls."

HIS LAST REQUEST

The condemned colored man was sitting in the electric chair. The warden spoke: "Now, Charlie, before the current is turned on is there any request you would like to make?"

"Yes'r; I'se always bin a polite nigger, and I'd like to give some nice lady my seat."

SOMETHING GAINED

Mr. Montmorency Montgomery had been sentenced to be hanged, and when the hour for the execution had arrived the sheriff asked him whether he had anything to say for himself before the trap was sprung.

"Well, no," Mr. Montgomery replied, "nothin' except I will say to you all that this is goin' to teach me a mighty good lesson."

THE BACKSLIDER

"What's the matter, old man?" asked the bank robber who had stopped in front of the murderer's cell.

"Why, they've went and put off the whole thing."

"You ain't goin' to be hung tomorrow?"

"No, the governor's went and give me a respite for 90 days."

"Well, that ain't nothin' to be downhearted about. What you kickin' fer?"

"My lawyer says they'll git me when the 90 days is up. He can't think of anything more to do to have it put off."

"That's all right. You got three more months to live, ain't you?"

"Yes, but here I'd went and got converted and was all ready, and now it'll all have to be done over."

CANDID CONFESSION

"What brought you to this?" asked the good woman who had visited the jail for the purpose of distributing tracts among the prisoners.

"The hurry wagon and four policemen," replied Peter the Lockpicker.

Jolly Jail Birds

A LENGTHY TERM

When Simeon Simcoe arrived at the penitentiary he was surprised to find his old friend George Washington Jefferson there.

They greeted each other cordially, and George Washington asked:

"How long you all in foh, Simeon?"

"Fum now on," Simeon replied.

DIRTY IS RIGHT

"I hear you had burglars at your house, the other night."

"Yes, they stole practically everything but the soap."

"The dirty crooks!"

TAKING NO NEEDLESS RISK

"Excuse me," said a stranger, approaching the prosperous-looking citizen, "have you seen a policeman around here lately?"

"No, I haven't seen a sign of one, anywhere."

"All right, then, pass over your watch and pocketbook. I'm in a hurry."

HE WOULDN'T TELL A LIE

"How many terms have you served?" asked the lady who was interested in prison reform.

"None," replied the man in the striped suit.

"Why, they told me you had been in nearly every prison in the country."

"Dat's all right. I always break out before I serve me term."

JUDGE AND JURY

A BLOW TO HIS PRIDE

JUDGE (to convicted burglar)—“Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?”

BURGLAR—“The only thing I’m kicking about is bein’ identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time!”

ABSOLUTELY

He was charged with having stolen milk from his neighbor’s doorstep.

“What have you to say for yourself?” the judge asked. “Do you deny that you took the milk?”

“No, your honor,” the accused man replied, “but I just want to say that it was the first thing I ever took in my life.”

A GOOD LAWYER

“Do you know of a good lawyer?”

“Yes. Danforth is one of the best lawyers in this town.”

“Danforth? I never heard of any important case that he won.”

“I know, but he’s a good lawyer all the same. His first advice to a client always is to keep out of court.”

INNOCENT SONGSTER

KIND OLD LADY: You say you were locked in a cage for ten years? Were you in prison, my good man?

THE TRAMP (*sarcastically*): No, mum; I was a canary.

UNCONCERNED

"I care not who makes the country's laws," said the "sharp" lawyer, "if——"

"If what?" his colleague asked.

"If they continue to put in verbiage that may be variously interpreted."

HIS DOUBLE

"Your honor," said the prisoner, appealing to the police judge, "these witnesses are all wrong. I wasn't mixed up in this fight at all. I was a dozen miles from where it took place at the time the trouble happened."

"But you have not produced any witnesses to establish your alibi. I can't accept your word as against the sworn statements of nearly a dozen reputable citizens. Nine men have declared on the stand that they positively recognized you as the man who started the fracas. I shall have to fine——"

"But, your honor, I wish to explain that I have a double. He has caused me a lot of trouble by getting into difficulties and lettin' it be supposed that it was me. It might of been him. He looks so much like me that my own mother would hardly know us apart."

"Ah! That is very interesting. And do your eyes always turn black when a fist lands just above the bridge of your double's nose?"

GUILTY ANYHOW

JUDGE (to prospective juryman)—“So you’ve formed an opinion of the case?”

P. J.—“Yes, your honor, one look at that man convinced me he was guilty.”

JUDGE—“Heavens! Man, that’s the prosecuting attorney!”

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

“Have you any conscientious scruples,” asked a lawyer, addressing a prospective juror, “against serving on a jury where the penalty is death?”

“Yes,” the talesman replied.

“What is your objection?”

“I don’t want to die.”

NOTICEABLY AFFECTED

“Did the juror’s seem to be affected by Briefly’s plea?”

“Yes. He kept them in a continuous yawn.”

JUDICIAL ADVICE

“I hope you won’t be hard on me, judge,” he said. “You see, I was under the influence of liquor when I done it.”

“You seem to have been under the influence of something equally bad when you studied grammar. During the spare moments that you are going to have, permit yourself to indulge in the judicious study of the construction of simple sentences. Here is one to begin with—sixty days.”

IT MATTERED LITTLE TO HER

"Madam," said the judge, "if you continue to answer questions after objections to them have been sustained, I shall have to adjudge you in contempt of court."

"Oh, all right," the witness replied, "but just please understand that I can be in contempt of this court, whether I answer questions or not."

THEY GOT THE POINT

A judge was pointing out to his court that a witness was not necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because he changed his testimony.

"For instance," he said, "when I entered court to-day I could have sworn that I had my watch in my pocket. But I remember now that I left it in the bathroom at home."

When the judge reached home his wife asked:

"Why all this bother about your watch—sending five men for it?"

"Good heavens," said the judge, "what did you do?"

"I gave it to the first one who came—he knew exactly where it was."

ALL THAT HE HAD TO SAY

"Prisoner," said the Judge, "stand up. The jury has found you guilty. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced upon you?"

"Yes, your honor," the culprit said, "I would like to say that up to this time I have never believed it possible for any jury to be as foolish as this one looks. Thanks for the privilege."

NO HELP NEEDED

JUDGE—"Do you mean to say you stood by and let your wife be brutally assaulted by the prisoner without rendering any help?"

WITNESS—"I didn't think he needed any."

THOROUGHLY ENLIGHTENED

"Young man," asked the Judge, looking down at the diminutive prisoner who had been brought in by the six-foot policeman, "do you understand the nature of an oath?"

"Sure," was the reply. "Didn't I caddy for you three afternoons last week?"

HIS SIDE LINE

"Are you Mr. Leftwitch?"

"That is my name."

"Your uncle died a few days ago, I believe."

"The doctors pronounced him dead—yes."

"I have just read that he left his entire fortune to public institutions."

"Well, what about it? Are you a reporter? If you are, I don't wish to be interviewed."

"No, my dear fellow, I am not a reporter. I am a lawyer. I thought you might have some will-breaking to be done. I am an expert will-breaker."

"I don't want any of my uncle's money. Since he preferred to cut me off without a dollar I am perfectly willing to work for my living."

"Permit me to hand you my card. In case they ever wish to try you for lunacy, please remember me. I have kept a number of crazy people out of asylums."

OBJECTION SUSTAINED

"I insist," said the lawyer, "on having the witness answer my question."

"Must I do it?" the man on the stand asked, turning with an appealing look to the judge.

"Will you incriminate yourself if you answer?"

"No, your honor, I'll not incriminate myself, but I'll get licked by my wife."

"Counsel will pursue some other line of questioning," said the jurist, who was married himself.

A NICE TECHNICAL POINT

The driver of a milk wagon was being questioned on the witness stand.

"Have you ever seen your employer putting water in the milk?" the lawyer asked.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Be careful now. You are under oath. An analysis of the milk you delivered shows that it contained a large amount of water. Don't you know how it got there?"

"Yes."

"Yet you have just said you never saw your employer putting water in the milk."

"Well, he always put the water in the cans first."

AN UNREASONABLE DEMAND

"I want justice!" shouted the man who was being tried.

"I demand justice!"

"Silence!" commanded the judge. "Remember that you are in a court room."

GREENS FEE

"Have you ever played golf with Bixley, the lawyer?"

"No."

"Well, don't."

"Why?"

"I was playing with him the other day, and I had a bad lie. I asked him whether he would advise me to use my mashie or my niblick, and he wanted \$5 for telling me."

UNJUSTLY SUSPECTED

William Wilberforce Webster had been accused of invading a hen house and exercising undue influence upon several pullets in order to get them to leave the place.

"What were you doing at 8 o'clock last Thursday evening?" the judge asked.

"I was calling on Miss Ophelia Montmorency, Judge," William Wilberforce replied.

"What time did you get home that night? Be careful how you answer now."

"Judge I got home jes' six minutes befoh midnight."

"And what were you doing in the interim?"

"I nevah was in was in dat interim, Judge. De dooh was open when I passed, but I went right on home."

LANDLORD AND TENANT

ON ANY TERMS

The Agent—"Of course, you have no children?"

The Prospective Tenant—"No."

"Dogs or cats?"

"No."

"Piano or gramophone?"

"No; I've got a fountain pen that squeaks, when I remove the cap, but I promise to get rid of it."

COULDN'T BE MISTAKEN

MAID (*at door*): Madam forgot to leave the money for your rent.

LANDLORD: How do you know she forgot?

MAID: She told me so when she went out.

GROUND'S FOR SUSPICION

"I wish," said the hard-hearted landlord, "that you would watch the tenants in 47 Union street. Be sure that they pay promptly in advance."

"Very well," replied the clerk. "Have you heard anything to make you suspicious of them?"

"No, but they haven't asked for any repairs for nearly six weeks now. It doesn't look right."

ANOTHER WAY TO LOOK AT IT

Two little girls were playing. One of them pretended that she wished to rent the other's playhouse.

"Have you any parents?" she was asked.

"Yes, two," she replied.

"I'm so sorry," the small landlady said, "but I never rent to children with parents. They are so noisy and destructive."

TOO GOOD TO GIVE UP

"If things are so unsatisfactory here and your landlord won't do anything to remedy them, why don't you move?"

"We would, only the husband of the woman who lives next door has a smaller salary than my husband draws, and it's such a satisfaction to be where I can make her feel envious."

CANDID

VISITOR—I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this apartment?

HOSTESS—Yes, they asked seven times last week.

OUTGROWN

"I'm sorry," said the man who was paying his rent, "to have to give you notice that we are giving up our apartment. It's too small."

"But there are only you and your wife," the landlord replied. "The apartment was planned for two people."

"Yes, I know; but my wife has decided to keep a goldfish."

NOT TO BE BLUFFED

"Did you collect that bill?" asked the landlord.

"No, sir. He kicked me down stairs."

"Go back and get that money. I'll show him he can't scare me."

HAD A PLEASANT TIME

Little Rastus Robinson was late in arriving at school, and the teacher asked for an explanation.

"We was up late at our house last night," Rastus said.

"How late?"

"Oh, very late, Miss Platt."

"Were you having a party?"

"Yes, a kind of a party. It was lots of fun. We is goin' to move, and I was helpin' to knock off the plasterin'."

WORTHY OF COMPENSATION

"You'll have to reduce my rent," said Wiggins, "or I'll move."

"I can't do it," the landlord replied. "You're paying \$10 a month less now than the place is worth."

"All right, then, out we go. We can't stand the people who have moved in next door."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Every time my wife and I have a fight the fellow interferes, and I figure that the wear and tear on me is worth at least \$10 a month."

LOOSE MONEY

THE SONG OF THE TELLER

He was a teller in a bank and hummed a little song;
He did his telling in a cage, thus kept from going wrong,
And this is what he daily sang where he was safely penned:
"Money, money everywhere, and not a cent to spend."

DIPLOMATIC EDGAR

"Mother," said Edgar, "I saw Mrs. Badger a little while ago, and she said she would give me a penny if I would tell her what you said about her after she was visiting here yesterday."

"Dear me," Edgar's mother replied, "I hope you didn't accept her money."

"No."

"And what did you say to her?"

"I said I wouldn't tell her what you said about her for a million pennies."

HARD EVEN THEN

"It was saving the first \$50,000 that bothered me," said the millionaire.

"How did you manage to do it?"

"By working my income up to \$100,000."

DIDN'T LIKE THE SIGNATURE

A woman whose husband had provided her with a checking account decided to save a 2-cent stamp by persuading the grocer's boy to carry a check to his employer. When he returned later with a supply of household necessities he handed back her check.

"What's the matter with it?" she indignantly asked. "Doesn't Mr. Dobbson know that it's just as good as the cash?"

"I don't know," the boy replied. "He never said not'n' to me about it, except he would like to have it signed some other way."

She had signed it:

"Yours truly, Anna."

TREASURED TROPHIES

"I know a man who has a gold medal for high jumping, another for hurdling, a solid silver cup for swimming, and gold badges for bowling and fencing."

"He must be some athlete."

"No, he's the proprietor of a pawnshop."

TOO MUCH TO RISK

"I've lost my pocket-book," wailed Kazinsky.

"Look in all your pockets," advised Einstein.

"I did look in all but one."

"Vy not in that one?"

"I'm afraid. If it ain't dere I'll drop dead."

SWEET NEWS

"And what did he say when he was told that he had become the father of twins?"

"He yelled: 'Hooray! There goes \$800 off my income tax.'"

BUSINESS ECONOMY

A New York woolen merchant testified that the suit which is sold at retail for \$18 cost the maker \$3. The thing to do is quit wearing \$18 suits, as Marie Antoinette might have said.

BEATEN BY AN EXPERT

"How did you happen to pay that lunch check?" asked the wife of one who had lunched with her and a downtown business associate.

"I didn't intend to, but when we went to the cashier's desk he out-fumbled me."

NEEDLESS EXPENSE

"Moberly hates to spend money, doesn't he?"

"Yes. I saw him a little while ago and he was kicking himself because he had sent a 25-word telegram to Mabel Gillington asking her to be his wife."

"Did she refuse?"

"No, but her answer indicated that he could have got her by merely asking, 'Will you?'"

FRIENDLESS

Cashier—You'll have to get somebody that we know to indorse this check before I can cash it for you.

Applicant—I'm afraid I can't do that. Nobody in this town will want to do me a favor now.

Cashier—Why so?

Applicant—I'm in charge of the local weather bureau.

HER FOOLISH FEAR

"The trouble is, dear," she said when he urged her to consent to be his at once, "that I am afraid we should not be able to live on your income."

"Oh, that's no reason for putting it off. Hardly any married man is able to get his wife to live on his income."

THE CAUSE

"I wonder why she ever consented to marry a sleight-of-hand performer."

"She had seen him pick money out of the air."

LOOKING FOR A SKYSCRAPER

A traveler called at a Paris hotel and inquired what the rates were. "150 francs for a room on the first floor, 100 francs for the second, and 75 francs for the third," said the proprietor. The traveler thanked him and turned to go.

"Doesn't that please you?" asked the hotel proprietor.

"Yes, your prices are all right," said the traveler, "but your hotel isn't tall enough."

WHAT HE COULD GET

"What kind of a rug can I get for about \$50?" asked the young husband.

"Well," replied the absent-minded proprietor of the auction store, "we have some good \$20 rugs that we're selling for about that price."

HAD NOTICED IT

"I'm afraid my husband is losing his memory."

"So am I."

"Oh, have you noticed it?"

"Yes. He borrowed \$5 from me about six months ago."

NO SPENDTHRIFT

"He's pretty close, isn't he?"

"Close? I should say he was. He lives on soups and gruel in order to keep from wearing out the filling in his teeth."

CANNED GOODS

The bride was telling her friends that Uncle George had promised to furnish her kitchen with all necessary equipment—a surprise because Uncle George was notoriously "close." Just as she had finished dilating on his unexpected generosity, a small box arrived. Upon opening it she found a can-opener to which was attached a card reading:

"I am sure this will be all the equipment you will find necessary in your kitchen—Uncle George."

A SIGN

"Blanchard must lately have made a lot of money somehow."

"I haven't heard anything about it."

"I haven't either, but he addressed our Sunday school recently and said it was a blessing to have to struggle."

NOT A DIPLOMAT

"You say he lacks tact?"

"Yes. When he met young Mrs. Morton, a moment ago—she married old man Morton for his money, you know—he told her her husband seemed to look younger every day."

AN EASY WAY OUT OF TROUBLE

"We simply can't go on as we have been going," he declared. "We are spending more than I'm making. You surely must be able to understand that such a state of affairs can't last long."

"Then, dear," she soothingly replied, "why don't you make more?"

NOW HE WILL KNOW

"So your husband has given up betting on horses?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, he had an idea that he would like to know where his money went, so he's joined a poker club."

GETTING IT DONE EARLY

"What is a budget?"

"It is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterward."

WILLING TO LET HIM KEEP THAT

"John."

"Yes, dear."

"Would you be willing to give up everything in the world for me?"

"That's a queer question for you to ask. How could it ever possibly be necessary for me to give up everything for you?"

"Well, would you?"

"Do you mean my family, my clubs, my friends, my position, my——"

"Oh, no, not your position—everything else but that."

HONESTY'S REWARD

"Do you think he made his money honestly?"

"I have no reason to doubt that he did."

"What a cunning rascal he must be to have covered up his tracks so skillfully."

SIMPLE ENOUGH

"Yes, he made millions by buying things on margins."

"How does it happen, then, that he wears frayed trousers and is trying to borrow a quarter?"

"He kept on buying on margins."

GENEROUS POLITENESS

"Really," said the lady with the beehive hat, "I insist."

"No, dear," protested the other woman, "you mustn't. Please let me. I have the change right here. Let me see, I wonder——"

"But you paid for me last time. I have the money all ready. Conductor, can you change a \$10 bill?"

"Now, I shall not permit you to have that broken. I have some change all ready, if I can only find it. Dear me, I wonder what I——"

"It's all right; I want to get this bill changed, anyway. I wonder where I put——"

"No, no, really, you mustn't. I thought I had the change all ready. I must have lost a nickel of it somehow. But I have a \$5 bill that——"

"Did you say you had a nickel?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have one, too."

So each paid her own fare, as she had intended at the start.

FOOLISH WASTE

MRS. NEWRICH (looking over house plan)—What's this thing here going to be?

ARCHITECT—That is an Italian staircase.

MRS. NEWRICH—Just a waste of money. We probably won't ever have any Italians coming to see us.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

NO PLACE FOR RAPTURE

"Why did you refuse him?"

"Because he's a fool."

"I always supposed he was quite a sensible young man."

"He proposed to me when we were out in a canoe."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, he knew neither of us would dare to move without being in danger of upsetting the thing. Would a man with any sense have done that?"

NOT DISPOSED TO ARGUE

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" asked the girl's father.

"I'm afraid not," replied the young man, "but she has assured me that she will not expect me, after we are married, to buy her as many gloves as I have been furnishing or to take her away from home to get something good to eat every other evening, and she has even consented to quit making it necessary for me to hire a taxi whenever we happen to be within walking distance of the place we are bound for."

"Oh, well, if you're going to be disagreeable about it, take her."

ALL THAT SHE ASKED

"Will you let me have my way in everything?" she asked.

"Of course, I will, darling."

"Will you permit me to go home to mamma whenever I want to?"

"I should never think of being cruel enough to keep you away from your mother when you wished to see her."

"And may I have a regular allowance to spend just as I like?"

"Certainly. I shall be as liberal in that respect as possible."

"And you will not scold if I sometimes have my breakfast in bed?"

"Of course, I should prefer to have you sitting across the table from me at breakfast, but if you prefer to have it otherwise I shall not object."

"You are awfully nice, dear. And may I call you up on the phone whenever I wish to during business hours?"

"I should be unhappy if I did not hear your sweet voice every little while."

"I'm afraid you will forget your promises after we are married."

"No I won't. Is there anything else you want me to promise?"

"I can't think of anything just now. Oh, yes. There is one other thing."

"What is it, sweetheart?"

"Will you promise not to be cross if I sometimes call you by the name of someone else that I've been engaged to? I'm so forgetful about such things."

WORTH WINNING

"Why are you so pensive?" he asked.

"I'm not pensive," she replied.

"But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Will you be my wife?"

JUST IN TIME

"Why did you break your engagement with Mr. Smitherton?"

"I was fortunate enough to find out before it was too late that he always files a cross-bill when he is sued for divorce."

A FORTUNE QUICKLY LOST

"I once lost a million dollars in less than five minutes," said the young man who looked as if a square meal would do him a lot of good.

"How did that happen?" asked a sympathetic listener.

"I asked a girl who had that much to marry me."

HOW THEY MET

"My first wife was a widow when I met her."

"Tell me about it. How did you happen to meet her?"

"I saw her coming and started around a block, but she doubled back the other way and popped out from behind a corner when I was just beginning to think I had escaped."

SANDY'S GENTLE HINT

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length. "Wasna I here on the Saw-bath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say ye were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' tha's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, what for no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately): "Maggie, woman, dae ye no begin to smell a rat?"

THE EUGENIC LOVERS

"Are you as perfect physically as you seem to be?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied.

"Has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"Never."

"Have you a depraved taste of any kind?"

"Certainly not."

"Are your teeth in good condition and do you see and hear perfectly?"

"Yes."

"Are you ever bothered by insomnia or headache or indigestion?"

"Not at all."

"Thank heaven. Now let's make love a little while."

TWO HINDERING LETTERS

"If it hadn't been for two letters I'd have married that girl."

"Two letters? Who wrote them?"

"Nobody. She spoke them, 'N-o.' "

TIME TO FIND OUT

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you, Mr.—what's your first name?" she replied.

A BIT EVASIVE

"Young man, didn't I hear you kissing my daughter?"

"You must have heard me smacking my lips over the sweet things she gave me."

A STUPID QUESTION

"Have you ever been kissed in a taxi?" he asked.

"Well," she replied with a touch of indignation, "do I look like a girl who has never had a ride in a taxi?"

IMPROVING HIS STYLE

"Do you wish me to return your letters?" she asked, after breaking their engagement.

"Oh, no, just throw them away," he replied. "I've bought a new set of forms that are much better than the ones I used in writing to you."

STILL IN THE DARK

"Hello," she said, answering the telephone. "Yes, this is Mabel. Who is speaking?"

"Harold, darling."

"Who? I can't understand you. Please spell it."

"H for Henry, A for Albert, R for Robert, O for Orville, L for Lawrence, D for David."

"Yes, but which one are you, dearest?"

COLOR PRINTING

"Fred asked me last night if he might print a kiss on my lips."

"And then what happened?" her friend asked.

"Why, I printed one on his."

EASILY FOUND

"I shall never marry," he said, "until I can find a girl who is my direct opposite."

"That ought to be easy," she replied, with a little yawn.

"There are lots of fairly intelligent girls around here."

A SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT

"What do you think of trial marriages?" she asked.

"They'd be all right, I guess," he replied, "if a fellow could have his term shortened on account of good behavior."

MANGLED ENGLISH

SOLEMN WAS RIGHT

A colored preacher was officiating at the funeral of the mother of fourteen Afro-Americans.

"Dis," said the reverend gentleman, "am a most so sollarum occasion. De Lawd giveth, and de Lawd taketh away. De hand what rocked de cradle has kicked de bucket."

BETWEEN LADIES

"An' when Mrs. Grubbs sez you wasn't no lidy, wot did yer say?"

"I sez, 'Two negatives means a infirmary,' and knocks 'er down."

IT MUST BE GOOD

Soap advertisement in the *Modern Review, Calcutta*:

"ESSENCE OF BIRDS. It is the finest purest of the pure medicines of the world of magic. . . . Its use makes a man look like Rosy, Soapy, and Flourishing like the Kashmere Apple. On the whole it is one of the magics ever produced."

A FAIR QUESTION

"Move on," commanded the policeman who was strong on logic. "If everybody shtood here all day, how could anny one ever get past?"

A PARTING SHOT

It was a wordy fight, and the little man with what looked like two pounds of sausages under his arm gave his parting shot.

"The sooner," he said, emphatically, "that I never see your face again the better it will be for both of us when we meet."

LETTING FANCY HAVE A FREE REIN

One of the bureaux that furnish information and predictions concerning commercial conditions gave out this gem:

"It looks as if the price of pork must drop. The big slump in corn will usher in a new era. Cheaper hogs are on the wing."

An advertiser furnished a fair companion piece to the foregoing when he announced:

"We have combed the market and picked the cream of the field."

But it is not in commercial literature alone that we find metaphor flitting hither and thither without restraint. An amateur poet, who probably felt that he was treated unjustly by the editors who returned his offerings, was responsible for this gem of purest ray:

"How swiftly on the wings of Time the moments come with leaden feet apace."

A NATIONAL DIFFICULTY

"And how have you been getting on, Mrs. Mumble?"

"Ah, miss, not too well. My poor 'usband 'ad a parallel stroke, and we've 'ad a 'ard time to make both ends meet."

PERFECTLY CLEAR

A Chinese newspaper published this letter from an applicant for work: Sir: I am Wang . . . I can drive typewriter with good noise and my English is great. . . . My last job has left itself from me, for good reason that large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable sirs what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

MIXED METAPHORS

It was a Hindu journalist who wrote: "We cannot from a distance realize the intensity of the crisis, but it is certain that many crowned heads are at this moment trembling in their shoes."

A colored minister made this solemn statement, addressing his flock:

"Brethren, the muddy pool of politics is the rock on which we are in danger of splitting."

Another reverend gentleman of color is credited with having said:

"All along the untrodden past we discern the footprints of an Almighty hand."

One of the most famous of all the metaphorical mixtures was achieved by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the British House of Commons, when he said, in the course of a speech:

"Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air, but I warn you, sir, that I shall nip him in the bud."

RIGHT, AT LAST

"A Brooklyn judge says all women are not angels."

"He ought to study English composition."

"What has English composition got to do with it?"

"The judge evidently meant to say that not all women are angels. In this I agree with him. I have two ex-wives who are still living."

"Do you mean still living or living still?"

"No, I mean living yet."

A FEW DROPS OF LINES

The following letter was received by the manager of a plantation store in Hawaii:

"HONOLULU, T. H., Oct. 20. Dear Sir:—Here, I am going to disclose with your honour, by a few drops of lines.

"I am having had not yet seen your face, but the hearing of your reputable name had already reached to my ear.

During the last few days I had learned by the advertisement of Hawaii Shinpo (Japanese printing office) it was said that you are wanting to apply a Japanese clerk in your plantation-store; by this opportunity to employ me with your favor in that situation, and I have no object in wages.

"I am having high-school education in both Orient and Occident. Good experiment are practiced at Japanese mercantile house in this city. (Age 20.)

"So I am expecting to your replication. Address P. O. Box 881. Now I have nothing more to describe, and I must ask you to believe me to be your faithful servant. Respectfully yours."

THE CRISIS

"Gentlemen," said an orator who sometimes was careless about his metaphors, "although the time is ripe to be forging to the front, we are wallowing in the slough of despond like a ship without a rudder, unmindful of the fact that while the ground is slipping from beneath our feet every day brings us nearer to the point at which we must either draw cards or drop out of the race."

HARD WORK

"What is your daughter doing now, Mrs. Dagney?"

"She's workin' downtown in an office."

"I suppose she must get pretty good wages."

"Yes, but it's awful hard work. When she come home last night she was all wore out, havin' copied more than 300 letters on a heliotrope."

LAYING IT ON THICK

Following is an extract from a letter of recommendation received by an official who passed upon the claims of applicants for political jobs:

"This unfortunate young man had the misfortune to enlist in the Army. He is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintained his aged father and infant brothers whose sole support he was."

A FATAL SPOT

The head-line writer for a Colorado paper succeeded in getting this on the front page:

FOUND DEAD

WITH A BULLET IN HIS CHRYSLER

CLEARING UP A MYSTERY

"Henry, it says here that Mr. Jackson pelted the pill for three sacks. What does it mean?"

"Good heavens, Mary, can't you understand plain English. It means that he slugged the sphere safe and landed on the third pillow."

ANY CORD WOULD DO

"It is my greatest wish that the party shall hang together," said the man on the platform.

"Hear, hear!" came a voice from the back seat.

"I don't mean in the sense in which that idle scoffer back there would have you understand," went on the speaker with dignity, "but that they may hang together in concord and accord."

"I don't care what kind of a cord it is," came the voice again, "as long as it is a strong cord."

INHERITED

"I wish I were blessed with an ego such as yours. It would be worth a lot to me. How did you ever acquire it?"

"It's one that my uncle left me when he died. He used to belong to a band."

MERRY HUNTSMEN

EVERY SHOT COUNTED

Two men from town were staying with a farmer and expressed a desire to go shooting. Their host said that he could not go with them as he was very busy, but he offered to lend them guns and a couple of dogs.

The sportsmen, set off and were soon heard blazing away. Within a short time one of them returned.

"You are soon back," said the farmer. "Have you come for more ammunition?"

"No," was the reply. "For more dogs."

AS FAR AS IS KNOWN

Diana was a huntress,
She early got the habit;
But she never shot a godlet
Thinking he might be a rabbit.

TO THE LAST MAN

The Renton Gun Club will hold another shoot this Sunday at their traps on Smithers Field. The shooting will start at about nine o'clock and will continue as long as any one is left to shoot.—*Sporting note in a Western paper.*

GREAT LUCK

"I hear you have been hunting. Any luck?"

"Yes. Only one man mistook me for a rabbit, and he was a poor shot."

A REAL BIRD DOG

"I had a bird dog once," said a boastful sportsman, "that never failed on a point. One day I had him out in the park, when suddenly he pointed, rigid as a stone. There was no possibility of game. The grass was close clipped. The dog had his nose straight on a man seated on a bench. I thought the man might have a live bird in his pocket.

"'Pardon me, sir?' I said, 'but would you mind telling me your name?'"

"'No, I don't mind,' he replied, 'it's Partridge.'"

A PAINFUL MISTAKE

"How splendid it must be," said the lovely girl, "to be able to go hunting, away off in the wilderness. It makes me wish I were a man. Do you hunt every year?"

"Yes," he replied. "I try to get a month of it every fall."

"Have you ever shot a bear?"

"Oh, I've killed many of them."

"And moose, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, any number?"

"How perfectly glorious! Tell me about the most exciting experience you ever had."

"It was year before last, when I shot into a wasps' nest, thinking it was nothing but a wildcat."

NO CONNECTION

"Well, sir, my shotgun let out a roar and there lay a dead wolf ahead of us!"

"How long had it been dead?"

A FAMILY RESEMBLANCE

A wealthy New Yorker who was in the habit of hunting in Canada every fall arrived as usual at a remote point in Northern Ontario, and proceeded to employ as guide—a half-breed Indian who met him at the station.

"You look very much like John Friday, the guide I had last year," said the hunter. "Are you his brother?"

"I am John Friday," the guide replied.

"Ah, then that accounts for the resemblance."

A HEARTLESS KILLER

It was shortly after Bobby had received an airgun for a birthday present that one of the neighbors told his mother that she had seen Bobby and some other boys shooting craps.

Bobby was summoned at once.

"I'm awfully sorry to hear that you've been shooting craps" his mother said. "Don't you know that it's wicked? Think how the poor little craps must suffer, and perhaps life is just as dear to them as it is to us."

MORE OR LESS MUDDLED

UP AND DOWN

"What were your sensations when you took your first flying trip?" her friend asked.

"I had a terrible sinking feeling," she replied.

LIKELY TO BE ENTERTAINING

"I'm afraid we're going into a tail-spin," said the pilot.

"Oh, how lovely," replied his fair passenger. "Is it something like spinning a yarn?"

OVERHEARD AT THE SIDESHOW

"Why," asked the tatooed man, "is the human pin-cushion making so much fuss? He's been wriggling around all afternoon."

"He put on his winter flannels this morning," replied the Circassian beauty, "and he says they torture him terribly."

UNWILLING TO MISS THE CHANCE

"Don't punish Willie this time," the child's mother pleaded. "Wait till he does it again."

"Yes," the irate father replied, "and what if he doesn't do it again?"

WON WITHOUT AN EFFORT

It was at a gathering of married people. All the stories they could think of had been told; nobody could do any more card tricks, and things were beginning to be dull when some one suggested a prize for the person who could make the ugliest face. At the end of the performance the host picked up a cut glass bonbon dish, and approaching one of the ladies, said:

"You win."

"Excuse me," she replied, "I wasn't playing."

THE SHARP COME-BACK

"I'm so sorry I missed your party, the other night," said Mrs. Uppish.

"Oh, did you?" Mrs. Sharpleigh replied.

HADN'T GONE THAT FAR

After she had given the preacher a full and lengthy account of her husband's shortcomings, the good man asked:

"Have you ever heaped coals of fire upon his head?"

"No," she replied, "the shovel was always empty when I hit him with it."

KIDDING HIMSELF

"But," said the man who had gone to the butcher's shop for a roast, "you're giving me a pretty big piece of bone ain't you?"

"No," replied the butcher, as he tossed the hunk upon the scales, "you're paying for it."

A WISE CHICKEN

"Why are you taking those roller skates?" he asked as she was getting into the car.

"I always carry them," she replied. "They've come in handy several times when I had to walk back."

USELESS ADVICE

"My dear brother," said the preacher, "you must learn to love your neighbor as yourself."

"But my wife won't let me," the dear brother replied. "My neighbor's a pretty grass-widow."

AN UNSETTLED QUESTION

"You seem to be in deep thought," said Brown. "What's on your mind?"

"I'm trying," Smith replied, "to figure out which is the busier, a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives, or the father who is walking the floor with triplets that are all teething at once."

CASUAL REMARKS

Cheerfulness is an acquired virtue. Every man came into the world squalling.

Adam's luckiest day was the one on which he found out that he could laugh.

Some people cling to grudges so fondly that you might suppose they were drawing interest on them.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but who would choose a scabby looking apple?

IT SAVES UNNECESSARY MOTION

"A cross-eyed girl has one advantage."

"What's that?"

"She can always see whether her nose is shiny or not."

AN OLD FRIEND

Every supply house in the United States has received this letter, or one similar in general construction to it:

"Brush, Colo., 6 June."

"Mister Bourne, kere of the Ofallon Sup Co Dere Frend, I got the valve which i by from you alrite but why for gods sake doan you sen me no handle. i Loose to my customer shure ting. you doan treet me rite is my money not so good as the other fello. I waste 10 daze and my customer he holler for water like hell by the valve. you know he is hot summer now and the win he no blow the weel, the valve she got no handle so wat the hell i goan do. you doan sen me the handle pretty quick i sen Her bak and I goan order some valve from the Henry Bitoff compancee, booduy, your frend.

"A— S— D—.

"Since i rite theese letter i fine the dam handle in the bocks excuse me."

THE MOVIES

NOT TOO PARTICULAR

"Go out," said the beautiful screen star, when her press agent had arrived, "and tell the reporters I am engaged to the Crown Prince of Switzerland."

"But there is no crown prince of Switzerland."

"Isn't there? Well, then, make it the Grand Duke of Labratory, or something."

MANY CHANCES TO COME

"I'm sorry," said one movie star to another, "that I couldn't attend your wedding."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "Better luck next time."

TEMPORARILY, AT LEAST

"Well, are you still thinking of marrying that girl you met on location last summer?"

"You mean Miss Falcona?"

"Yes. You seemed to be mighty fond of her."

"Oh, I was; but I'm not thinking any more about marrying her."

"I'm glad to hear that, old man. I always considered her a little fool. What became of her?"

"She's my wife, for the time being."

A WASTED DAY

Mistress—Did you enjoy your day at the seaside, Mary?

Mary—No, not a bit. There was no new pictures on at the movies, so we had to sit around all day and watch the ships.

ONE ON WELLINGTON

A young man who was anxious to get a job as publicity man for a movie magnate was able, after much persistence, to get into the autocrat's private office.

"Vell, state your business," said the producer.

"I want to do publicity for you."

"I need no bublicity. I am my own bublicity. My name is in the bapers every day. They gotta do it. All what I do is news."

"Have you ever heard of Napoleon?"

"Yes."

"Ever hear of Wellington?"

"Vellington? No. Is he a ector or a author?"

"He was the man who beat Napoleon at Waterloo, but thought he didn't need a press agent. Napoleon always kept one."

P. S.—He got the job.

NEVER

"It was Disraeli who said, 'The more you are talked about the less powerful you are.'"

"Yes, but Disraeli never was a movie star trying to get a manager to raise her salary."

BUSINESS FORESIGHT

A prominent film star was being married.

"So," said the bridegroom, "we are agreed. On Monday morning at nine o'clock we visit the registrar. After that we go to the church and then you are my own dear wife. Have you anything to say about the arrangements?"

"Only that the film rights will, of course, belong to me."

HER UNLUCKY DAY

"Dear me!" said the screen siren, "I'm all upset."

"What's the matter?" asked the director.

"I've just received a telegram from my husband, who informs me that he has been granted a divorce from me."

"You're not going to let a little thing like that bother you, are you?"

"You don't understand. He got it on Tuesday, and I've always had a run of bad luck whenever anybody got a divorce from me on Tuesday."

WHAT SHE MEANT

"Why do you want to go there?" she asked. "They never have a decent picture in that house."

"Well," he replied, "do you want to see a decent picture?"

"No, I mean they are always so uninteresting."

MIXING THE SCRIPTURES

WRONGED

"You say you don't believe in the Bible. I don't believe you know anything about the Bible. Take King David, for instance; what did he do to make himself famous?"

"That's easy. He killed a giant and eloped with Lot's wife."

"Excuse me for misjudging you."

EASY FOR MARY

"Mary," a Sunday school teacher asked, "can you repeat a verse from the Bible for us, this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mary replied.

"Very well, then, please go on."

"The Lord is my shepherd. I should worry."

A SKEPTIC CONFOUNDED

They had boasted about their familiarity with the Good Book, and each was inclined to be doubtful regarding the other's pretensions. Finally, Pitkin offered to bet \$10 that Goodwin couldn't repeat the Lord's prayer.

Goodwin accepted the challenge, and began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep——"

"Oh, all right," Pitkin interrupted. "You win."

A GLORIOUS POSSIBILITY

"Are you aware of the fact, madame," he asked, "that the Bible doesn't mention a single woman angel?"

"I suppose that is because things are arranged in heaven so that no woman has to be single."

REGGIE KNEW

The teacher of a class in Sunday school took occasion, after the regular lesson, to deliver a little discourse upon cruelty to animals. She told the boys that it was wicked to throw stones at stray dogs, and related a pitiful story about a cat that had been tortured by some naughty boys.

"They placed poor Tabby's tail upon a block of wood," she explained, "and then while two of the wicked boys held her head and two more held her tail, a fifth one took a hatchet and what do you suppose he did? With one swift blow he cut the cat's tail off right near the middle.

"Of course I don't suppose the boys realized what they were doing, or they wouldn't have tortured the cat in that way. But that is just the trouble. Too many of us do things that give pain to others, without thinking. If we would always stop and say to ourselves, 'How would I feel if some one were to treat me as I am about to treat this or that one?' there would be much less pain in this world than there is.

"Now, who of you can think of something the Bible says that is particularly applicable to this case?"

Up went little Reginald's hand, and when directed by the teacher to tell the rest what it was, he said:

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

HIS BELIEF

"Do you come to Sunday school voluntarily or because you are coerced?" asked the pretty teacher.

"Voluntarily, I guess," replied little Edgar. "I thought they only had to get coerced if they was Baptists."

PRAYER AND WATER

During the Dayton flood a good old "lady of color" was rescued with two white women from the deep water and placed on the roof of a barn for safety. After the boatman had rowed away the white women both offered prayer for their future safety, but the colored woman sat by in stolid silence.

One of the white women, turning to her, said:

"Pray, woman, pray. Do something to help."

The old woman clasped her hands, knelt on the roof, rolled her eyes upward and said:

"Dear Lord, yo' once promised us long time ago dat dey nevah would be no mo' floods. Now, Lord, what does dis yar mean?"

NOT INTERESTED

"Have you ever read the Apocrypha?"

"No, about the only geography I ever learned I got out of railroad maps."

MERRY YULETIDE

NO LAUGHING MATTER

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"Well, well! That's nothing to cry about."

"Ain't it? He's just promised to give me \$5 to spend for Christmas, provided I raise a like amount."

HER PLEASURE SPOILED

"Yes, my wife has been too ill to get out of the house since Christmas."

"That's unfortunate."

"I should say it was! At any other time of the year she wouldn't mind it so much, but she's afraid, unless she recovers very soon, that she won't be able to exchange any of the presents she got for things that she wants."

WAITING

"Have you done your Christmas shopping yet, Mrs. Worthington?"

"Part of it. I've bought all the things I intend to give to my own relatives, but I thought I'd wait until the goods got a little shopworn and they began to mark them down before getting the presents we intend to send to my husband's folks."

PROOF

"Why are you crying, my little man?"

"A boy just told me there ain't no Santa Claus, boo-hoo."

"Well, I wouldn't let that make me sad. Perhaps he is mistaken."

"No, he ain't, 'cause he said he didn't believe last year and got everything he wanted just the same."

USEFUL

"I don't believe in giving anything but useful presents."

"Neither do I. My Christmas gift to my husband this year is to be a receipt for my dues in the Woman's Club."

DOING IT EARLY

"Why did you neglect to do your shopping early, Mrs. Skippingham?"

"I didn't. I always do my Christmas shopping early."

"How does it happen, then, that you are here struggling with the crowds at this time?"

"I'm buying things for next Christmas."

JUST WHAT HE WANTED

He had been looking over the Christmas cards on the counter for some time, when the saleswoman suggested: "Here's a lovely sentiment, 'To the only girl I ever loved.'"

"That's fine," he said, brightening, "I'll take five—no, six of those, please."

GIVING HER A HINT OR TWO

She—Would you prefer for a Christmas present something I had bought or something I had made with my own hands?

He—Something you had made with your own dear little hands, but I may as well tell you that I use a typewriter altogether, so I have no use for a penwiper, I never wear a muffler, and my landlady always takes my sofa pillows the minute she gets a chance.

IN NEED OF MEDICINE

“Mr. Bullions, I dreamed last night that you had decided to give me a handsome increase in my salary as a Christmas present.”

“Take something for your liver, my boy.”

“For my liver?”

“Yes. Sluggish livers cause people to have bad dreams.”

KEEPING IT FROM HIM

“What are you going to get your wife for Christmas?”

“I don’t know yet. She wants me to be surprised.”

A NATURAL REMINDER

Just before Christmas two women were passing a butcher’s shop, where they saw hanging in the window a pig, with an apple in its mouth.

“Oh,” said one of them, “that reminds me. I want to buy my husband a pipe.”

NEWLYWEDS

LOVES LABOR LOST

The young husband had arrived home to find his wife in tears.

"What is the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I've worked hard all the afternoon making custards, because you are so fond of them, and—they've turned out to be sponge cakes!"

YIELDING TO NECESSITY

Mr. Newlywed rushed into the cute little kitchen, upon his return home at night, and found Dearie busy with a pie that she was trying to bake.

"How wonderful!" he exclaimed, as he glanced at the pie, which was about a foot wide and eighteen inches long.

"But why did you make it such a funny shape?"

"I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb," she replied.

OF COURSE, WHY NOT?

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked, meeting him at the door. "You're awfully late, and you look so worried."

"I couldn't get the books to balance," he replied.

"Well, then, why don't you ask them to get you some that will?"

NOT AN IRREPARABLE LOSS

"Oh, Arthur," wailed Mrs. Loveydovey, "I made you such a nice cake today, and the cat ate it."

"Don't cry, darling," he replied. "I know where we can get another cat."

LEAPING AT A CONCLUSION

"Be sure," said the young wife, who was making her first purchase at the meat market, "not to give me anything with bone or fat, or any gristle in it."

"Lady," replied the butcher, "you don't want meat. You want an egg."

OVERWEIGHT

"What do you think, lovey?" cried Mrs. Younglove, while Mr. Younglove was taking off his rubbers. "I baked a pound cake to-day."

"Oh, did you, darling? What have you done with it?"

"It's still in the oven. I couldn't lift it out alone."

LUCKY

"I consider my wife the loveliest woman in the world."

"I congratulate you. A man who considers his wife the loveliest woman in the world has a blessing that is greater than riches. He is luckier than the man who has millions and is bored when he has to be alone with his wife. How long have you been married?"

"It will be six weeks next Thursday."

STRANGE BIRDS TO MARY

Having married well, pretty Mrs. Dovekins was able to pay the price it would cost to employ a cook. When Mary arrived Mrs. Dovekins, bubbling with enthusiasm, said:

"I have just bought a lovely bed for your room, but I have not been able yet to find a rug that is just the right shape. I will get one as soon as possible. In the meantime I hope you will not object to a Wilton carpet."

"Oh, that's all right, ma'am," Mary assured her.

"Thank you, Mary. I am sure we shall get along together beautifully. I think I ought to tell you, though, that I expect my sister to come on from New York with her little girl in two or three weeks to pay us a visit. I hope you don't object to children. If you will promise to stay I will pay you extra while they are here."

"Very well, ma'am."

"You don't know how glad I am to get you. Is there any special brand of coffee or tea that you prefer? If so we will get that kind."

"No, ma'am. They're all the same to me."

"That's good. So many people have poor luck with their coffee and tea unless they can have certain kinds. Shall I show you up to your room now? Oh, by the way, I shall have to telephone to the butcher in a little while and order our meat for dinner. Have you any suggestions to make? Is there anything in the way of chops or steaks or birds that you prefer? I would like my husband to be taken by surprise this evening."

"No. They're all about the same to me."

"Very well, then, I will order some sweetbreads. Mr. Dovekins is very fond of them. I hope you will do your best. I'm so glad you came. I was afraid you wouldn't."

All day Mrs. Dovekins sang and was happy. She even telephoned to several of her friends informing them of the good fortune that had come to her. Late in the afternoon, when she was busy writing the glad news to her sister, Mary suddenly loomed in the doorway.

"What is it, Mary?" Mrs. Dovekins asked in sudden fear, for there was upon the countenance of Mary a look that was not of joy or even of contentment. "Don't tell me that you are going to leave!"

"I just come to tell you," Mary answered, "that I don't know how to get the inerds out of them sweetbreads."

WASTED ENERGY

He had spent the day fishing, and was all tired out when he got home to Lovekins.

"I had a terrible fight with one speckled fellow," he explained. "It took me more than half an hour to land him."

"That's too bad," she said. "Why didn't you let the ugly thing go, and try to catch something that wasn't so stubborn?"

DIFFERENT NOW

"But before we were married," he complained, "you said you liked to see me smoking a pipe."

"Before we were married I liked to see you spending money, too," she replied.

“OH, MY OPERATION!”

HOPEFUL

“Have you ever had an operation for anything?”

“Not yet; but if a certain investment of my husband’s turns out right I expect to undergo one in the fall.”

SIMPLIFIED

“Yes, doctor,” said the patient. “I have been operated on for appendicitis, my tonsils have been removed and my adenoids are gone.”

“Ah,” replied the specialist, “that simplifies your case. I’ll have to operate on you for gall stones.”

THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TO BLAME

“I’m sorry, Mandy, to hear that your cousin is dead. What was the matter with her?”

“Ah doan’ jus’ know what the matter was, Mis’, ’ceptin’ she had the tubuckaloshious.”

ALMOST INARTICULATE

“You say your brother has an impediment in his speech and yet he is deaf and dumb?”

“Yes. He was in an accident and lost two fingers.”

EAGER TO KNOW

"So you are going to the hospital? You look perfectly well."

"Oh, yes, I feel well enough too, but I've decided to undergo an operation."

"What for?"

"To find out whether anybody cares enough for me to send flowers."

HAD TIME TO SPARE

NEGRO CALLER AT HOSPITAL—I came to see how mah fren' Joe Brown was gettin' along.

NURSE—Why he's getting along fine; he's convalescing now.

NEGRO—Well, I'll just sit down and wait till he's through.

A KIND THOUGHT

McLeod—I've just been over to see an auld frien' at the hospital, an' took him this wee bottle o' whusky.

Sandy—But man, ye micht hae kent they wadna allow ye tae gie a sick mon whusky!

McLeod—A kent it weel enuch, but it wis a kind thocht onyway that prompted me.

NO FANCY WORK

Surgeon—I'll sew that scalp wound for you for \$10.

Patient—Gee, Doc! I just want plain sewing, not hem-stitching and embroidery.

ON WITH THE DANCE

UNWILLING TO INTRUDE

"Won't you let me lead you into the conservatory where we can be alone while the others are dancing this dance?" he asked.

"But perhaps it is cold in the conservatory," she answered, slightly shrugging her gleaming shoulders.

"Oh, it is never cold in a conservatory. They have to keep such places warm on account of the plants, you know."

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten that. But, really, I don't think I ought to go there with you."

"Do you mean that you don't care for me?"

She drew a long, deep sigh and after looking for a moment into his eager eyes asked:

"Do you need to ask me that?"

"No. Forgive me. I had no right to say so cruel a thing to you. Come—come—to the conservatory!"

"No, I can't. I must not. I saw my husband going in there with another lady a moment ago."

SWEETLY REASSURED

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "to have missed that dance with you. It was all due to a mix-up in my program."

"Don't give yourself the least concern," she sweetly replied, "the pleasure was all mine."

INCLINED TO BE SORE ABOUT IT

"I think I rubbed elbows with you at the dance, last night," he said.

"No," she replied, "or if you did I didn't notice it, but I remember distinctly when you kicked me on the ankle."

SOMETHING JUST AS LIVELY

"I didn't know before that your wife could do the Charleston."

"She isn't doing the Charleston. The waiter spilled some hot soup down her back."

UP ON HER TOES

"Have you noticed that girl I've been dancing with all the evening? She's a little devil. I wonder who she can be?"

"That?" the girl replied. "Oh, that's mother."

HER FAVORITE TRYSTING PLACE

"Don't you remember me?" he asked. "I met you at a summer hotel, a couple of seasons ago, and we danced together often. You surely haven't forgotten."

"Your face looks familiar to me," she replied.

"It ought to. I proposed to you one evening and you accepted me."

"Did I? How funny. I don't recall it at all."

"It was on the hotel veranda, behind a lot of palms and rubber plants."

"Oh, you will have to be more explicit than that. Most of my engagements have taken place with that kind of a stage setting."

DOING THE GOOD TURN

There was to be a dance at the hospital for the deaf-and-dumb, and Jenkins, who was a stranger in the neighborhood, was asked by the doctor if he would like to attend the party.

"I'd enjoy the experience," said Jenkins, "but how could I ask a deaf-and-dumb girl to dance with me?"

"Oh," the doctor replied, "that's easy. Pick out the one you'd like to dance with and then smile and bow. She'll understand."

When they arrived, Jenkins saw a particularly pretty girl, and, approaching her, he smiled and bowed, and she nodded and smiled in return. She danced wonderfully, and they kept on dancing, Jenkins not knowing just how to excuse himself when he thought they had danced together long enough. Finally, after they had finished about the fifth dance together, a young man approached them, and said to the girl:

"Say, dear, when are you going to give me another dance?"

"Just as soon as I can find some way to get rid of this dummy without hurting his feelings," she replied.

A SLIM CHANCE

"May I have a dance, Miss Wabbley?" he asked.

"Delighted," she replied. "I have only the sixteenth left."

"I don't expect to be here as late as that."

"I don't, either."

THE MODERN IDEA

"Isn't it about time for us to be starting for the dance?" the young man asked.

"Yes," the girl replied, "I'll be ready just as soon as I see father and mother safe in bed."

HELPFUL ADVICE

"Have you ever taken dancing lessons?" she asked during their second turn around the room.

"No," he replied, thinking she would be surprised.

"Then, why don't you? Even two or three lessons might be enough to give you the general idea."

A LIVELY STEPPER

"You are a wonderful dancer," she said.

"Well," the sophomore replied, "I ought to be. I've given a lot of study to it."

"Oh, have you? That must have been what the dean meant in speaking of you the other day."

"What did he say about me?"

"He said that if you had a head to match your feet you might have a chance to get somewhere."

SOMETHING ELSE THE MATTER

"It always throws me out of step, to talk," he said.

"Does it?" she replied. "I hadn't noticed that you were saying anything."

ORATORICAL OUTBURSTS

WHAT IT WAS

"It is possible," said the speaker, "that some of you have heard the story I am about to tell, but——"

"Possible?" interrupted a little man away down at one of the tables in the farthest corner; "it's a cinch."

AN EVASIVE STATESMAN

A man who was descending the steps of the capitol at Washington met one of his friends, and explained that he had been in the senate chamber for an hour, listening to a speech by Senator Blankson.

"What was he talking about?" asked the friend.

"I don't know. He didn't say."

HE WAS GLAD

"Why was there such an uproarious outburst of merriment when the last speaker began his remarks? I didn't see anything funny in what he said."

"But you didn't understand. Gazing out at his hearers he said, 'I am glad to look into your faces again.' "

"What was there funny about that?"

"The gentleman has been a leading dentist in this town for many years."

THE SOOTHING KNOCKOUT

A man who sat next to the toastmaster at a banquet fell asleep while one of the speakers was reading from a mass of manuscript. The snores of the gentleman who had dozed off caused such a commotion that the toastmaster rapped for order, and accidentally hit the sleeper on the head.

Half opening his eyes, the sleepy man said:

"Hit me again. I can still hear him."

WELL CHOSEN WORDS

"Senator, that was a magnificent speech you made."

"Thank you. What part of it did you like best?"

"Well, I think your quotations from Lincoln were mighty well chosen."

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT

"Mr. Chairman," complained the speaker, "I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much noise here that I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, guv-nor," yelled a man at the rear, "you ain't missin' much."

A GOOD STARTING-POINT

"My friends," said the speaker who had just been introduced, "the subject on which I am to address you is one that is very dear to my heart. I have made a special study of it for years. From the time of the Caesars down through the succeeding ages I have followed it. I am so full of it that I hardly know where to begin."

"Suppose you begin at about ten minutes past 11 tonight," suggested a listener who had reverence for bald heads.

PERTAINING TO ART

THE MARRED MASTERPIECE

"Ah," said Mrs. Oldcastle, as she gazed at the new painting representing the animals entering the ark, "it's a splendid piece of work—really quite remarkable. I never supposed there were such possibilities in the subject."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Newrich, "I was tellin' Josiah last night when we'd got it hung that it looked to me like one of the grandest paintin's I'd ever saw, but I can't see how the artist ever made that mistake."

"What mistake? I don't discover any."

"Ain't you noticed it? He forgot to put in any mules."

A REASONABLE THEORY

"Did your daughter inherit her talent for drawing?"

"Well, I never thought of it before, but it may be that she did. One of my brothers is a dentist."

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

"I can't see anything to this show," said Bostwick, after the second act. "It's nothing but a lot of cuss words and commonplace situations."

"Hush!" his wife whispered. "Don't let the people around us know that you are unable to appreciate art."

APPRECIATION OF NATURE'S HANDIWORK

"Edward," she said, "stop the car."

"What's the matter?" he asked, putting on the brakes.

"Isn't this a lovely spot? Have you ever seen anything prettier?"

"It's wonderful. What a fine place for a hot dog stand."

UNJUST CRITICISM

An art critic was speaking of the virtues of this painting and the faults of that one.

"Now you see in this picture the artist has not learned his trade—he lacks technique and understanding. Here he has resorted to a trick to catch the public eye and has attempted to paint a fly. I would not object to that had he been able to draw better and make it look like a fly. This looks like a lump of clay."

At this point the fly took wing and flew away.

QUITE APPROPRIATE

The proprietor of an establishment in which women's dresses were sold had a picture of a big red apple painted on his sign.

"Why have you had that apple put on your sign?" one of his customers asked.

"Because I wouldn't be in business here if it hadn't been for an apple," he replied.

THE CANDID FRIEND

"When I see one of your paintings," he said, "I am filled with wonder."

"How I do it?" asked the delighted artist.

"No. Why."

A BORN GENIUS

"Does painting come natural to your son, or is it an acquired art?"

"It's a gift," his proud mother replied. "The first time he ever got a brush in his hand he was able to make strange-looking streaks with it."

PERFECTLY WILLING

"Do you mind posing in the nude?" asked the artist.

"Oh, no, not at all," she replied, "only you'll have to let me stand behind a screen or something while I'm doing it."

AFTER HIS MONEY'S WORTH

"And you want \$1,000 for that thing!" exclaimed the millionaire when the miniature of his wife was delivered by the artist.

"It's one of the best things I've ever done," was the reply.

"But look at the size of it."

"My dear sir, I don't charge by the square foot for my work."

"You don't? Why didn't you let me know before? I'd have had it made life-size."

SALTY SPRAY

HER FEARS BANISH

A nervous old lady, on the first day of the voyage, asked the captain what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while it was plunging through the fog.

"The iceberg would move right along, madam," the captain replied courteously, "just as if nothing had happened."

And the old lady was greatly relieved.

ONE THING LACKING

"It is perfectly wonderful," said the lady who had been conducted through the various cabins of the great ocean liner. "Just to think of having elevators and everything of that sort, exactly as if one were at home in some great fine building on land."

"That," explained the official, who was pointing out the various points in which the great steamship resembled a high-class family hotel, "is the thing we have aimed at. We wish to make our passengers forget that they are at sea."

"But there is one thing you seem to have forgotten."

"Surely, madame, you are mistaken. I am unable to imagine what it could be."

"Where's the janitor?"

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

"Man overboard!" shouted the second mate.

"Lord, what luck some people have!" moaned a seasick passenger.

A RECORD BREAKER

He broke a record, not by flying
To heights no other man had gained,
And not by riding fast nor trying
To beat what jumping marks remained.

He broke a record through devotion
To one great purpose, fine and fair;
He took a trip across the ocean
And sent no postcards home from there.

ACTING UPON IMPULSE

"I suppose you know that Banburry once saved his wife from drowning by jumping in after her when she had fallen from the deck of a ship."

"Did he? Was it before they were married?"

"No, it was several years after."

"Isn't it strange what a man will do under the stress of sudden excitement?"

EXPECTED IT TO HAPPEN

SAILOR—They've just dropt their anchor.

MRS. SYMP—I was afraid they would! It's been dangling outside all day.

IT HAD ESCAPED HIS MIND

After an absent-minded professor had been pulled, half-drowned out of the water, he spluttered:

"Ah, how exasperating! I have just recalled the fact that I can swim."

A SUIT ON THE OCEAN WAVE

After his first night on the ship, the traveler called a steward, and asked:

"What's become of all my clothes?"

"Where did you put them when you took them off?"

"I folded them very carefully and put them in that cupboard, over there."

"There isn't any cupboard, sir."

"Over there, with the round glass door."

"Oh. That's the porthole."

SHOWING SENSE

An Irishman, one of the crew on a ship, fell forty feet and was taken to hospital unconscious. The following day the admiral of the fleet visited him at the hospital and he was still unconscious. The admiral expressed a desire to see him and found him with his eyes closed. Still thinking that he might understand, he asked: "Well, Murphy, how are you feeling?"

The patient opened his eyes, and after a long, vacant stare said; "Hello, old fool; it's you, is it?"

This was capped by the comment of the hospital orderly, who said in all innocence; "Well, sir, that's the only sensible thing he's said since he came in."

ANY HARBOR IN A STORM

There was a landlubber with the shipwrecked crew that had been adrift for two days, with hope at low ebb.

"What's that?" exclaimed the landsman, pointing into the distance. "That's land, isn't it?"

"I see nothing but the horizon," replied the first mate.

"Well, hang it, that's better than nothing. Let's pull for it."

AN EASY CURE

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the captain, addressing the fair voyager, who had complained that she felt sure she was going to be seasick.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "there is. Please let that handsome second officer sit on deck with me, and I'm sure I shall feel better."

WANTED TO PET THEM

"Have you lost anything?" asked a steward who had noticed an old lady who had walked around the deck of the big ship several times, looking into the life boats, and peering wherever there seemed to be a chance to hide anything.

"No," she replied, "but will you tell me something? Where do you keep the scuppers? I've heard about the scuppers on ships, and I'd like to see some. They must be so cute."

SHARPS AND FLATS

A BIT OFF KEY

A young woman with aspirations to be a singer, went to a vocal teacher for a tryout. The professor sat down and played a selection while the ambitious singer poured out her choicest assortment of notes. When all was over the professor swung around on his stool and said:

"Ach! Never have I heard such a voice! I blay on der vite keys und I blay on der black keys, but you sing in der cracks!"

READY FOR THE WORST

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked an amateur trombone player, addressing a man who lived in the adjoining apartment.

"Not at all," was the reply. "It did at first, especially when I heard what the neighbors were saying, but now I don't care what happens to you."

NOT INCLINED TO TRUST HER

GUSHING YOUNG PUPIL—Ah, professor, if ever I make a pianist, I'll owe it all to you.

PROFESSOR—Pardon me, young lady, my terms are quarterly—in advance!

NO EAR FOR QUINTETTES

"I want you," said Mrs. Baconham, addressing the young man who had responded to her summons, "to get me some singers for the musicale that I'm gettin' up. You run one of these bureaux where they furnish people for entertainments, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I think we can arrange the matter for you. About how much do you wish to pay?"

"Oh, I don't care, as long as it's good. The expense don't cut much figure with me. What I'd like to have is some male voices. They seem to take at such affairs."

"I can get a very good quintette for you for \$50. Would a quintette be satisfactory?"

"No, I hardly think so. I'd rather have four or five bass and tenor singers."

UNAPPRECIATED TALENT

The Scotsman treated the Irish family to a tune on the bagpipes. When he had finished he looked around and remarked with pride: "Eh, mon, that's verra deefficult."

"Difficult, is it?" said Pat. "I wish it had been impossible."

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF IT

"What do you think of my voice?" she asked, after trying a selection from "Il Trovatore."

"It makes me think of sailors," he replied.

"Of sailors? Why should it do that?"

"It has a tendency to die at C."

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT

"Do you think my daughter sings any better than she did when she began receiving instructions from you?"

"Oh, yes, much better. I am often able to listen to her for ten or fifteen minutes at a time now."

CAUSE OF THE CHANGE

"I can't understand why you hate her so. You used to admire her, I thought."

"Yes, but she and I are singing in the same church choir now."

A MERE GUESS

"I wonder what it is makes that queer noise," Mrs. Diggles whispered to her husband when the minister had paused for a moment to discover the lost thread of his discourse. "It sounds like the clashing of steel."

"Sh-sh! It's probably the members of the choir looking daggers at one another."

STRANGE, IF TRUE

"A curious thing happened at a little gathering which I attended a few nights ago."

"Did somebody, mistaking the host for one of the guests, tell him it was stupid?"

"No. A young lady who was asked to sing got up without any urging."

"Oh, I've seen girls do that."

"But this one could sing."

GUARDING HIS REPUTATION

Mrs. Kidd: Why do you always go out on the front porch when I sing? Don't you like to hear me?

Kidd: It isn't that. I don't want the neighbors to think I'm beating you up.

HIS METHOD

"Does that young man next door to you play his trombone by ear or by note?"

"Neither. By brute force."

A LUCKY AFFLICTION

"Is your husband trying anything to cure his deafness?"

"No; he has postponed it until the children have finished their piano lessons."

NOT AS BAD AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"Did you enjoy the musicale last night, Mr. Wiffle?"

"I can't say that I really enjoyed it, but I had a jumping toothache, which claimed my attention so that I got through it almost without realizing what was going on."

WHAT IT WAS

"How," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "did you like the etude which Mr. Gazzazam played at the musicale yesterday afternoon?"

"Was that what it was?" replied Mrs. Newmunn. "I thought it was some kind of an extra-sized fiddle."

FOR HER FATHER'S SAKE

"I want to have an understanding with you," said the outspoken old man when the expert in voice culture had asked him to sit down. "I want you to tell me the truth about my daughter's voice."

"My dear sir, don't ask me to do that. It is too painful."

"What! Do you dare to look me in the face and insinuate that she is never likely to be able to sing?"

"I am very sorry, sir, but if you will compel me to speak the truth, it is as you say."

"Then why have you been letting her come here for two years and hand you my good money in return for your lessons?"

"Because I have wished to serve you, sir. Whenever I tell young ladies they can't sing they go to a teacher on the floor below, and he charges 50 cents a lesson more than I get. You can figure for yourself what I have saved you on three lessons a week for two years."

SHE WOULDN'T SHOW OFF

"You'll have to change this program," said Mrs. Newriche, exhibiting a good deal of agitation, as the great musician who was to perform at her first musicale came out into the hall in response to her summons.

"What," he asked, "is the matter with it?"

"There, that piece where it says 'G minor.' You'll have to cut that out. My husband made his money in the minin' business, and I ain't goin' to have everybody here thinkin' I'm tryin' to show off by remindin' them of it in this way."

MAD AT HIMSELF

"Your husband seems to be out of sorts this morning."

"Yes. He attended a stag affair last night, at which the only entertainment was furnished by a male quartette."

A PITIABLE AFFLICTION

THE PRODIGY'S MOTHER—"Of course, I know she makes little mistakes sometimes; but you see she plays entirely by ear."

THE PRODIGY'S UNCLE—"Unfortunately, that's the way I listen."

IT'S WORK FOR HIM

"I have a friend who makes it a practice always to sing at his work."

"That's a fine idea. What does he do?"

"He's an opera tenor."

THOSE JEALOUS ARTISTS

"I don't think I've ever succeeded in putting so much feeling into that aria as I did tonight," said the prima donna.

"Feeling!" replied the baritone. "It seemed to me more like clawing."

MISUNDERSTOOD

TOO IMPATIENT

"No," said the clerk in the drug store, "we haven't got that, but——"

"Oh, I don't want something else that is just as good," the would-be-customer interrupted.

"I wasn't going to offer you something just as good. What I started to say was that if you didn't watch out you'd have your elbow on the fly paper—there! You've gone and got yourself stuck to it!"

JUST HIS IMAGINATION

"Julia," her father called from the head of the stairs.

"Yes, father."

"Did I hear a smack down there just now?"

"If you did you're a wonder. I've been listening for one all evening, but without results."

BRAVE CONSIDERATION

"I suppose," the young matron said, addressing the spinster who was getting along in years, "you never married because it has been impossible for you to find a man whom you considered good enough."

"Oh, no. I have found plenty of men who were good enough, but I have always felt that it was a shame to spoil a good thing."

MENDING MATTERS

It was during an informal dance at the summer hotel. Mr. Fauxpas, who was one of the onlookers, turned to the stranger by his side and asked:

"Who is that disagreeable-looking old girl by the piano?"

"That's my sister."

"Pardon me, I mean the one next to her."

"Oh, that's my wife."

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED

A sharp-nosed mountaineer led his gawky-looking son into a school house in a district where bitter feuds were common.

"This boy needs larnin'," said the father. "What are you teachin' here?"

"I teach reading, writing, geometry, trigonometry——"

"That's what he wants—triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in our family."

WHY SHOULD HE REPENT?

A newspaper man who was attending a meeting of the Salvation Army was approached by General Booth, who supposed him to be one of the many outsiders who had accepted the general invitation to turn from the ways of sin.

"Have you found salvation?" asked the General.

"Me?" the young man replied, rather indignantly.

"Hell, no. I'm a reporter!"

MIXED ADVICE

A farmer wrote to the editor of an agricultural paper asking for a method of ridding his orchard of the grasshopper plague. In the same mail the editor received a request for advice from an anxious mother about her twins, who were having a hard time teething.

The farmer received this reply:

"Wrap flannel cloths around their throats. Rub gums with castor oil, and massage their stomachs twice a day."

The anxious mother was favored with the following directions:

"Cover with dry straw. Soak thoroughly with coal oil and apply a match. The little pests will soon stop bothering you."

FULLY QUALIFIED

A native of one of the Isles of Greece, wishing to become a citizen of the United States, was taking out his first papers.

"Where were you born?" asked the examiner.

"Greece."

"What year?"

"Huh? How I know?"

"Well, how old are you?"

"Mebby twenty-five—twenty-six."

"We will make it twenty-six."

"Aw right."

"What month were you born in?"

"Mebby August, October, what I care?"

"We'll say August. What day?"

"June."

WHAT COULD BE MORE CONVINCING?

The postman held out a letter with a black border.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Miggleson, clutching at her heart; "my poor brother is dead!"

"But you haven't read it," the postman said, wishing to console her. "Maybe it isn't your brother."

"Sure it's my brother," she wept. "I recognize his handwriting."

IF SHE NEVER CAME BACK

"Did you send for me?" asked the beautiful stenographer.

"Yes," replied the head of the establishment. "Please sit down. My wife left yesterday for Europe. Her health has been bad lately, and the doctor thought a sea voyage might benefit her."

"I hope it will—that is, I suppose you will be very anxious about her."

"I hardly expect the sea voyage to do her much good. I'm afraid she put it off too long. If she never comes back I want you——"

The telephone bell rang just then and Mr. Bullington engaged in conversation over the wire. When he had hung up the receiver he turned to the beautiful stenographer and seemed to be trying to remember what he had been saying when he was interrupted.

"You said," she suggested, "that if your wife never came back you wanted me."

"Oh, yes; if she never comes back I want you to remind me every three months that I am to send a check to her mother. I'm so forgetful about such things."

THE SHREWD NEW ENGLANDER

A New England farmer sold a horse to an expressman, who returned in a day or two saying he was not satisfied with his deal. Being asked the reason for his dissatisfaction, he replied: "The thing I don't like about this mare is that she won't hold up her head."

"Oh, that's only her silly pride," explained the farmer. "She will when she's fully paid for."

A MATTER FOR INVESTIGATING

"Do you realize," asked the wife of the absent-minded professor, "that you haven't kissed me for more than a week?"

"Haven't I?" he replied. "I wonder who it is that I've been kissing?"

AN ANNOYING MISTAKE

"I think I saw you taking a tramp across the hills, the other day," said the young man who thought it was necessary to be saying something.

"How insulting!" the indignant girl replied. "That was my Uncle Henry."

A MOTHER'S SORROW

"Is your son happily married?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he is. I've done my best to convince him that she isn't worthy of him, but he won't believe me."

EVIDENTLY A STRANGER

"A gentleman to see you, sir," announced Mr. Struckitt Wright's new butler.

"Ah—tell him I'll be down in a minute. I guess it's my brother, probably. I'm expectin' him. Does he look anything like me?"

"No, sir—not at all. He is very gentlemanly in appearance."

LOST IN A GREAT CITY

"Officaire! Officaire!" sputtered an excited Frenchman, addressing the policeman on the curb, "Which is ze opposite side of ze street?"

"Why, over there, of course," replied the astonished cop as he waved his hand.

"Zat what I thought," replied the bewildered Frenchman; "but a man over there told me zis was ze opposite side."

ANCIENT? WELL!

"But in this country," said the viscount, "yoū have no ancient institutions."

"Oh, haven't we?" the beautiful heiress replied. "You ought to see the bridge club to which mamma belongs."

EQUIPPED WITH A WALLOP

Farmer: How did ye come by that black eye, Jarge?

Jarge: Ole cow had a way o' flickin' me face wi' her tail, so I tied a brick on to it.

WHY HE CONTINUED TO CALL

"See here," said the great man when the caller had finally been permitted to enter the private office, "this is the sixth time you have come to discuss this matter. I told you in the beginning that I would notify you when I was ready to take it up. Why do you insist on bothering me about it?"

"I'm sorry it's a bother to you to have me call."

"I'm a busy man. I can't understand how you are able to afford to waste so much time hanging around here, waiting to see me, when you must know that your coming isn't going to do you any good. I'll take up your case when I come to it in its regular order, and not before. I've told you that a number of times.

"Yes, I know you have; but that pretty girl who sits in your outer office, telling people you are busy, is one of the most entertaining girls I ever met."

A SAD BLOW TO ROME

There was a football match between teams representing a Protestant School and a Roman Catholic School. The Protestants won, to the huge delight of their young captain, who said to his team:

"Chaps, there'll be sad hearts in the Vatican to-night!"

IT NEVER DOES

"What are you so mad about?"

"I ran three blocks to catch the 9 o'clock train."

"Did you miss it?"

"No. I found out that it didn't start till 9:05."

WHAT SHE WANTED

"John—John," whispered Mrs. Gidgeley, nudging her husband.

"What is it?" he sleepily asked.

"There's a burglar in the house."

"What do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?"

"No; but if you find in the morning that somebody has gone through your pockets don't blame me."

A LIVE TOWN

VISITOR—"I should think, by the look of things, that nothing ever happens here."

NATIVE—"Oh it's a pretty lively place for its size. —"It's not two weeks since we had an eclipse of the moon!"

OLDEST OF THE OLD ONES

"Yes, Mr. Perksley told me the old, old story last night."

"Why, I thought he was engaged to Nell Wattleston."

"Perhaps he is. He told me the old, old story about the man who was unable to enjoy himself at his wife's funeral because he had to ride in a carriage with his mother-in-law."

IT'S A HARD LIFE

LADY—"I think there is something so romantic about a night watchman."

WATCHMAN—"Yer right, ma'am, it settles in me pore ol' legs sometimes till I can't 'ardly walk."

MUST HAVE GONE HOME IN BARRELS

A Scotch professor was advocating the advantages of athletic exercise.

"The Roman youths," he declared, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast."

Observing a smile on the face of one of his students, the professor demanded, "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement."

"I was just thinking, sir," the student replied, "that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

NEVER AGAIN FOR HIM

"I bought the house I'm living in for about a fifth of its actual value, because it was supposed to be haunted; but I wouldn't give 10 cents for another 'haunted' house, if I knew it to be worth \$20,000."

"You haven't found a ghost, have you?"

"Certainly not. My wife refuses to stay in the place at night unless I'm there, though."

A LARGE COLONEL, PERHAPS

A bluff old colonel was telling a jungle story in a London club coffee-room.

"Yes," he exclaimed dramatically, "it was in the dead of night. Outside was a roving elephant bent on destruction. I crept out and shot it dead in my pajamas."

"But, colonel, how did the beast get into your pajamas?" asked one of the listeners.

THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK

The high-bred dame was breaking in a new footman—stupid but honest.

In her sedan, about to make a round of visits, she found she had forgotten her calling cards. So she sent the man back with orders to bring some cards that were on the mantelpiece in her boudoir.

At different houses, she told the footman to hand in one, and sometimes a couple of the cards, until at last she told James to leave three at one house.

“Can’t do it, mum.”

“How’s that?”

“I’ve only got two left, the ace of spades and the seven of clubs!”

DOGGED RELENTLESSLY

He was going home, and it was growing dark. His road from the station was a lonely one. Suddenly he suspected that a man behind was following him purposely. The faster he went, the faster the man followed until they came to a cemetery.

“Now,” he said to himself, “I’ll find out if he’s after me,” and he entered the cemetery. The man followed him. He circled a grave, and his pursuer jogged after him. He ducked around a family vault. Still the man was after him. At last, he turned and faced the fellow.

“What do you want? What are you following me for?”

“Well, sir,” said a small voice. “I’m going up to Mr. Brown’s house with a parcel, and the station-agent told me if I followed you I should find the place, as you live next door.”

OPTIMISM

"I a.ways was lucky," said Sauntering Sim.

"I don't see," replied Ruffled Rube, "how you can say dat. Here you are all run down, sick wit de ague, and not knowin' where your next meal's comin' from."

"Dat's wot I tell you. It's just plain good luck. Wot if I was healthy and had a big appetite?"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A gentleman who was considerably under the influence of hard liquor approached a perfectly sober citizen and said:

"Har ya, ol' man? Shake. I met you in Buffalo, didn' I?"

"No, you are evidently mistaken. I have never been in Buffalo."

After a moment's reflection the inebriated one replied:

"Neither have I. I guessh it mush 'a' been a coupla other fellows."

This story may be true, or it may be merely a version of the one that was related by Mike McNulty, who said:

"As I was goin' over the bridge, who should I meet but Paddy Mullens? 'Hello, Mullens,' says I, 'and how arre ye?'"

"'Purty well, Callahan,' says he, 'and thank ye kindly.'"

"'Callahan?' says I. 'That's not my name at all, at all.'"

"'No more is mine Mullens,' says he."

"And, wid that we looked at aichother again, and, sure enough, it was nayther of us."

A LABOR OF LOVE

"This plant," said the gardener, "belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady. "How kind of you to look after it while they're away."

UNFORTUNATE SLIPS

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Newrich, as she was bidding good night to the guests who had attended her reception, "that the storm kept all our best people away."

It may have been at the same "affair" that a man, addressing one whom he did not know, said:

"Awfully dull and stupid, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What do you say to a stroll outside, where we can get away from all these insufferable people?"

"I can't. I've got to stick around. I'm the host."

NO SUCH ANIMAL THERE

He was wandering round the outskirts of a country fair-ground which the rain had made into a shocking puddle, when the policeman found him. Struck by his behavior the officer pulled him up: "What's the matter?" he asked, "lost anything?"

The man hesitated, then in disappointed tones, he told his story.

"No, it's not that I've lost 'owt, but I've been spoofed. One of the chaps at the club last night told us there wor a terrible quagmire on the fairground, but I've been in every show and I can't find it!"

OUTRAGEOUS

Miss DeGrass—I see they are trying to have uniform divorce laws adopted.

Mr. Briefless—Yes, there is a movement in that direction.

Miss Degrass—I think it's a perfect outrage. The newspapers are always poking fun at divorced people, and here the courts want to come now and make us wear uniforms!

SOMETHING EQUALLY GOOD

The grocer had just put a new boy to work, and among the other instructions was this:

"If you don't happen to have what a customer wants, suggest something else as nearly like it as possible."

Soon a woman came into the store and asked the boy, "Have you any fresh green stuff to-day?"

"No, ma'am," answered the boy, "but we have some nice bluing."

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION

ATTENDANT—There's a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped lately.

DIRECTOR OF THE ASYLUM—Why does he ask?

ATTENDANT—He says some one has run away with his wife.

ON THE RISE

HARDWARE CLERK (to lucky stockbroker)—I suppose you've pulled off any amount of good things lately?

THE STOCKBROKER—I picked up a good thing recently. It stood at 44 when I discovered it, and last week it touched 78.

CLERK—Good heavens! What was it?

BROKER—A thermometer.

STEPPING ON THE GAS ·

THE FIRST SPEED FIEND

"Plato," said Diogenes one day, "have you such a thing as a monkey-wrench?"

"Yes," replied the philosopher; "I got one last year for a birthday present."

"Just the thing," continued Diogenes; "I would like to borrow it for a short time."

After awhile Plato said to himself:

"I wonder what he wanted with my monkey-wrench? I believe I'll hunt him up and see."

And presently Diogenes was found, up back of the Temple of Cybele, working and sweating like a blacksmith.

"Here," exclaimed Plato, "what are you trying to do, anyhow?"

"I'm puttin' a speedometer on my tub," said Diogenes, and after that the Athenians ceased to linger upon the crossings when they saw him coming.

FIVE TIMES WERE ENOUGH

"Have you sold your car?"

"No, the company took it back. I couldn't buy it any more."

ON THE WAY TO GLORY

Famous last words: "Watch me do sixty miles an hour!"

IT COULDN'T BE TRUE

"Stop!" commanded the motorcycle cop. "You're driving forty miles an hour."

"Why, officer," she replied, "how can you say such a thing? I've not been out more than twenty minutes."

AND THE TANK EMPTY

Optimism is the ability to speak of "my car" in the face of a chattel mortgage, six payments still to be made, a bill at the garage, and State and city license-tag time just around the corner.

SHE HAD NOTHING ON HIM

Nervous Lady: Careful, driver, not so fast—this is my first ride in a taxi.

Taxi Driver: Mine, too.

A LITTLE OVERSIGHT

"How did Smith happen to wreck his car?"

"He turned a corner suddenly."

"Yes?"

"There wasn't any corner."

WARNED

"Policeman, arrest that man for swearing in the street."

"I ain't heard him swearin' any."

"But he's going to in a minute. I am about to inform him that his daughter has eloped with the chauffeur."

FAST WORKERS

Motorcycle Cop—I'll take your number, miss, if you please.

Girl in Roadster—You boys certainly work fast. I just gave it to a cop twenty miles down the road, but in case he forgets, it is Hopewell 6537. Call me up some time.

HORRIBLE ERUPTION OF EXPLETIVES

"Why, Bobby," his mother exclaimed; "what do you mean by using such harsh language in addressing your little playmate?"

"Oh," Bobby replied, "we're playing he's a motorist and I'm a traffic cop."

NOT AS IT USED TO BE

"My wife used to meet me at the door every night when I got home."

"Doesn't she any more?"

"No. I generally have to go and get her out of a traffic court or something now."

THE UPKEEP

"How did you come out this year on the farm, Uncle Josh?"

"Gosh, I made a pile. I happened to have the good luck to get three cows, four hogs, and an old mule run over by railroad trains, and about a dozen chickens killed by them automobilious wagons. I cleared nigh about a thousand on 'em."

ALWAYS ON THE JOB

A man got stalled with his automobile in a mudhole, and while he was making a vain attempt to get out a farmer appeared with a team of horses.

"Want me to haul you out, Mister?"

"How much do you want?"

"Three dollars."

After the work had been done and the money paid the tourist asked:

"Do you pull out many cars here?"

"About twelve a day on the average," replied the farmer.

"Do you work nights, too?" inquired the tourist.

"Yes, I haul water for the mudhole."

THE ONLY THING HE HADN'T TRIED

"Say," yelled the traffic officer, "what do you mean by speeding along like a mad man? You'll kill somebody! Why don't you use your noodle?"

"Noodle?" gasped the new car owner, "where in heck is the noodle? I pushed and pulled and jiggered every darn thing on the dashboard, and I couldn't stop her."

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION

"Pull over!" ordered the motor cycle cop.

"What's the idea?" asked Binks.

"You were doing fifty."

"Thanks. Please put that in the summons. I want to show it to a fellow I'm trying to persuade to buy this puddle hopper."

TIME TO FIND OUT

After the taxi had been speeding along for nearly an hour the passenger called out:

"Say, driver, we ought to be there pretty soon, oughtn't we?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "Where are we going?"

CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS

"Thank heaven," said the owner of the automobile when the policeman had pulled him from under the wreck.

"Yes," said a bystander, "you may well thank heaven. Your chauffeur is killed, your machine is fit for nothing but the scrap pile and your life seems to have been saved by a miracle."

"Oh, I've a greater cause than any of those for being thankful. The papers will not say that we were accompanied by two women whose names were not learned."

IN FOR SHARP CRITICISM

A farmer who had driven to town and loaded up with stuff that wasn't as good as the label on the bottle indicated, ran his Lizzie into a ditch, on the way home, and put the poor thing completely out of commission.

After he had extricated himself from the wreck, he wobbled around in the road for a minute, and then said:

"Well, dang you, if you hain't got any more respect for yourself than to lay there, stay where you are. But I hate to think what the old woman's goin' to say about you when she makes me tell her what happened."

JUSTLY PUNISHED

"How much?" asked the man who had just stepped out of the taxi.

"Seventy-five cents," replied the driver.

"Can you change a dollar?"

"No; I'm sorry."

"All right. I've just got 75 cents in change. I was going to give you a 15-cent tip."

"You will lie, will you," said the driver, giving himself a thump on the jaw as he drove off.

ALL BETS OFF

"How did the accident happen?" the sole survivor was asked at the coroner's inquest.

"Well," the witness replied, "there were six of us in the car, and we seen the train comin'. So a couple of the boys made a bet. One of them bet that we'd beat the train to the crossin', and the other bet we wouldn't."

"Yes, go on."

"Neither of 'em won. It was a tie."

A SPREADING HABIT

"It is a great pity," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "that profanity is becoming so common."

"Do you think it's any more so than it used to be?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes, much more. I've noticed it particularly since I began to drive a car. Almost everybody I bump into swears horribly."

THE RED MAN AT THE WHEEL

An Indian who had come into a fortune suddenly through the discovery of oil on his private reservation, bought a big touring car, and after having had a lesson or two, drove away. A couple of days later he returned to the agent who had sold him the car, pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, and announced that he wished to make another purchase.

"What's the matter?" the agent asked. "Isn't one car enough?"

"Drive out big car," the Indian replied. "Buy quart fire-water. Drinkum. Trees, rocks go by heap fast. Pretty soon big bridge coming down road. Turn out to let bridge go past. Bang! No car left. Gimme 'nother."

GIDDAP, LIZZIE

"Did you hear about that crazy man who had a Ford that was giving him trouble because there was a loose nut in it?"

"No. What happened to him?"

"He fixed it by drinking a pint of whiskey."

"How was that?"

"The hootch made the nut tight."

ACTING UPON HIS HINT

"I wish," he complained, "that you wouldn't talk when I'm driving in traffic."

"Oh, all right. We can discuss it as we go along."

STRICTLY BUSINESS

WHAT'S THE USE?

"Unless you raise my salary \$50 a week," said the beautiful actress, "I shall refuse to go on tonight."

"But," the manager protested, "you have signed a contract to play during the entire season for the salary you are getting now."

"Do you think I care anything for your old contract? It isn't worth the paper it's printed on. I've been married since I signed that contract and a married woman can't make a contract that's binding."

"Who told you that?"

"My husband. He studied law for nearly a year."

"What's he doing now?"

"That isn't any of your business."

"Oh, isn't it? Well, I'll show you whether it is or not. Your contract provides that you are not to get married while you are under my management."

"That just shows you that the contract is no good, doesn't it? You see it didn't keep me from getting married."

NO RAISE FOR WATKINS

MANAGER: I think Watkins is worth a lot more money than he's getting!

BOSS: We want more like him, Parker.

A POOR PROSPECT

"I would like to lay before you a proposition that will enable you to retire from business inside of five years and make it possible for you to enjoy a competency for the rest of your life."

"Thank you. Here is the name and address of my doctor."

"But I would like to explain——"

"Go and explain it to him. He tells me hard work is the only thing that will save me. If you can convince him that I ought to quit and live on a competency come back and I'll talk it over with you."

NO VOICE IN THE MANAGEMENT

Some men are so arrogant around home that one might suppose they considered their wives and children mere minority stockholders.

SAGACITY

ABIE: Let's match for lunch.

MORRIS: Where shall we eat?

ABIE: Let's match first!

GOING UP

The stock-broker was very ill, and at times delirious. In one of his lucid moments he asked the nurse what the last reading had shown his temperature to be.

"One hundred and one," replied the nurse.

"Good," said the patient. "When it gets to 101½ sell."

MRS. TIMSON'S BOOK

Timson had for nearly an hour been in the smoking compartment while his wife had been permitted to sit alone at the rear end of the sleeper as it was whisked briskly across the uninteresting landscape. At last he sauntered back and sat down beside the lady, saying as he did so that he was getting hungry and wished the first call for lunch might soon be given.

Then he noticed that his wife was concealing something between herself and the side of the car.

"What have you got there?" he asked.

"Sh-sh," she replied, looking around to assure herself that she would not be overheard. "It's a book. The news agent came through a little while ago, and he had this hidden under a lot of other things. I don't know why he thought he could trust his secret with me, but he did. We must not betray him."

"Let me see it."

"No, we mustn't show it here. Somebody might notice it, and the boy would get into trouble."

"He told you the railroad company had given orders that no more copies of it were to be sold on the train, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And said it was terribly sensational?"

"Yes, it's a story we must be careful not to leave around where the children can get hold of it."

"It was the last copy of the book he had, too, wasn't it?"

"Yes. How do you happen to know so much about it?"

"He sold me one, too," said Timson, slipping his copy out from under his coat.

HIS FAITH SECURE

"My business has been good during the past year or two," a man reflected; "I have had excellent health; nothing has occurred to make me unhappy, and I feel that I ought to do something to let God know that I am grateful for all the blessings He has seen fit to bestow upon me.

"Ah, I have it! I will go to church next Sunday and put a \$5 bill in the contribution plate!" And he did so. He inclosed the bill in an envelope, with his business card, so that nobody else would get credit to which he was entitled, and there was satisfaction in his heart when he walked home after the sermon. It had been a good sermon. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return to thee after many days!" was the text.

On the following day his business rival around the corner came to him and said:

"There is not room here for both of us. For the past year I have been struggling to keep from sinking, but you have beaten me. I have arrived at a point where I must give up the fight."

Then the man who had prospered bought the other man out at a third of the actual value of his possessions, and having marked up all of his goods 20 per cent he said:

"Yes, it is true. The bread that is cast upon the water will return—sometimes before many days. I will try it again."

On the following Sunday he put a \$20 bill on the contribution plate, and on his way out of church he slipped on the stone steps, and broke one of his legs.

"Darn it!" he groaned, "I was afraid that bill was a counterfeit. Somebody gyped me—but you can't fool God."

SOMETHING EQUALLY GOOD

"Do you have animal crackers?"

"No, but we have some very nice dog biscuits."

TO BE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT

"You seem to be pretty well pleased with yourself. What's happened? Been hitting it right in the stock market?"

"No, my doctor has ordered me to go to Europe for my health."

"That doesn't strike me as a thing that should make a man step high and bulge with self-satisfaction."

"But, think of the compliment there is in such an order."

WEALTH HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS

"You have been working hard all your life. You've schemed and denied yourself and ruined your health, and you've managed at last to get rich, but what are you getting out of your money? What satisfaction is there in it for you, now that you've got it?"

"Well, for one thing, I can wear the kind of clothes that are the most comfortable without being afraid people will think I can't afford any others."

IN SPITE OF THE SYSTEM

MANAGER—"I'm afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system, Smith."

SMITH—"Perhaps so, sir, but somebody has to get the work done."

AT A DISADVANTAGE

"I always leave my business at the office when I start home at night."

"I wish I could."

"What is your business?"

"I'm president of a concern that was inherited by my wife."

ALL OUT OF THEM

SALESMAN—"Can I sell you a vacuum-cleaner?"

LADY—"No, we have no vacuum to clean."

A BUSINESS LESSON LOST

A motorist who was traveling through the South stopped at a gasoline station for a new supply of fuel. The attendant was a weary looking boy, who sat in a chair tilted against the wall of the weather-beaten office.

After waiting for a moment the traveler impatiently called:

"Here, boy, I want gas. What kind of service do you call this? Are you in charge of this place?"

The boy nodded lazily, but showed no inclination to get out of his chair.

"Come, come! This won't do. Get a move on yourself. Don't you know you'll never get anywhere unless you hustle? Have some push. That's the thing—push. Look at me. It's push that's got me where I am to-day."

"Well," the boy drawled, "I guess it's push that'll have to get you out of here, if your tank's empty. We ain't got no gas left."

BREAKING IT GENTLY

"There are plenty of men in this world," said the head of the firm addressing the clerk he had summoned into the private office, "who can trace their successes directly to what they at first considered failures. I know a man who twenty years ago was a clerk in a clothing store. His employer discharged him for incompetency. He hunted through all the clothing stores in town trying to get another job, but couldn't find one, and at last, almost starving, he got a place as a brakeman on one of the railroads. To-day he is the head of that road, draws a salary of \$75,000 a year, and regards the man who discharged him long ago as the best friend he ever had. There are many other men who have had similar experiences, so you see what at first seems a misfortune may be a blessing in disguise."

The young man hid a yawn behind his hand, and replied:

"Yes, I know that has frequently happened. Did you want to speak to me about anything in particular this morning, Mr. Yamsley?"

"Oh, no, nothing of special importance, only I'm going to give you a chance to look back some day and regard me as your best friend. I hope you'll have all kinds of success wherever you go from here."

JUST THE SAME

"Your wife's outside," said the office boy.

"Did you tell her I was here?"

"No. I told her I'd see."

"Very well. Tell her to come in. But I'll raise your pay next week, just the same. I see that you know your business."

UPKEEP

CUSTOMER: This ninety cent fountain pen you sold me for three dollars leaks.

SALESMAN: Ah, yes, you need one of our patented rubber writing gloves.

JIM SAID A MOUTHFUL

"The feature of the day's programme," said a Michigan paper's account of a Rotary Club meeting, "was a talk by Jim Corcoran, on Banking, Its Origin and Development Through from the Time of the Roman Empire to the Present Day. Two minutes were given Jim to handle this task and he handled it splendidly."

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

"I'm thinking of trying to borrow a hundred dollars from Gudgley. If you were in my place how would you approach him?"

"In a good, strong suit of armor."

THAT KIND OF A TOWN

"I am looking for a place in which to locate," said the stranger. "Do you offer sites and bonuses here?"

"Yes," replied the leading citizen, "we are extending inducements that are very attractive. What is the nature of your business?"

"I would like to find a favorable spot on which to set a powder mill. I think this is just the place. It wouldn't hurt this town much to be blown up."

DIFFERENT

"Why, a year ago you told me this place was easily worth \$15,000. Now you estimate its value at less than \$10,000."

"You must remember that I was trying to sell it to you then. Now you want me to sell it for you."

REAL SALESMANSHIP

The most successful men, it appears, are those who can sell what they do not possess to others who have no wish to purchase.

THE EASIER WAY

"When I was twenty I made up my mind to be rich."

"But you never became wealthy."

"No, I found that it was easier to change my mind."

RIGHT IN HIS LINE

"So," she said, "you are going into the lumber business?"

"Yes," he replied. "I hope you'll wish me success."

"Well, you ought to get along. You certainly have a fine head for it."

WARNED

"Here," said the angry old financier as he rushed into the room where his beautiful daughter and the young man had been alone together for three hours, "I don't object to your coming to see Clara, and if you want her to be your wife I may give my consent; but I'm not going to permit you to organize yourself into a holding company."

JUSTLY PROUD

"You look as if you had achieved some great triumph," said his wife.

"Yes," he replied. "I kept a millionaire waiting twenty minutes in my ante-room to-day."

DISCOURAGING

"And what did her father say when you telegraphed back telling him you were married and asking him to extend his forgiveness? Your discouraged look indicates that he refused."

"No, he forgave us, all right—but he sent his forgiveness collect."

IMMATERIAL

"Great heavens!" cried the drug clerk.

"What is wrong?" asked the druggist.

"I gave that boy hair tonic instead of cough sirup."

"Never mind. We make a profit of 90 per cent on each."

DECEIVED

"Your feet are small," the shoe clerk said,

As he her instep pressed;

The lady sighed and bowed her head,

And gladness filled her breast.

But little time with her he spent,

A busy clerk was he;

He sold her sixes ere she went—

But they were numbered three.

SUCCESS TO A FINISH

"I'm glad to hear that Black is succeeding in business."

"He isn't, though. He failed."

"But I understood you to say he was an excellent business manager."

"No, I merely said he had managed his business to a finish."

BEFORE AND AFTER

"Never keep people waiting, my boy, and you will be sure to succeed."

"But you are always keeping people waiting."

"Yes. That shows that I have succeeded."

THE SUPREME TEST

The fountain pen he bought had been dropped from the top of a thirty-story building, run over by a truck and pounded with a hatchet, yet it was in perfect condition.

On the day following his purchase he returned the pen to the merchant. It was a mere collection of fragments and absolutely useless.

"What happened to it?" the merchant asked.

"My six-year old boy used it as a plaything for a few minutes," the purchaser replied.

HIS GOLDEN PRESENT

A Scotchman who had been invited to a golden wedding was told that each guest was expected to give the old couple a golden present. He gave them a worn-out clock, in which there was no tick left. When he was asked to explain, he said:

"Silence is golden."

TOO MUCH TALK

VOLUBLE

"I always measure my words," said the talkative man.

"What do you use?" asked a laconic listener, "a barrel or a tub?"

A MAN'S IDEA

"Do you think women really talk more than men?"

"No. They merely use more words."

AN EASY HINT TAKER

A countryman had gone to the city to visit some relatives and see the sights. He remained until patience on the part of his hosts, a married couple, ceased to be a virtue.

"Don't you think," remarked the husband one day, "that your wife and children must miss you?"

"Hadn't thought of that," was the reply. "Thanks for the suggestion; I'll send for them."

JUDGED BY HIS WORDS

"Bindleson says he always weighs his words before he speaks."

"If he does he cheats himself by giving light weight."

THE CONNECTION WAS TOO GOOD

"What in the world's the matter, ma?" asked Arabella, as her mother returned from the telephone and asked for her bonnet and wraps.

"I'm going right down town," said Mrs. Highrocks, and there was a cold glitter in her eyes as she spoke. "I just tried to call your father up, and I heard him yell at the boy to say he wasn't in."

THE BENEFIT OF HER SYMPATHY

"You look as if you were in trouble, Mrs. Morewood. I hope it is nothing serious."

"Oh, no, it's nothing—really."

"My dear, I don't wish to meddle in your affairs, but you are here far away from your own people and you ought to have some one to lean on—some one to trust with your secrets. Can't you take me into your confidence as you would an elder sister?"

The pretty little woman began to sob, and in a moment they had their arms around each other.

"Now tell me all about it," the older one said.

"I got an anonymous letter six weeks ago. It advised me to watch my husband."

"Mercy! What has he been doing?"

"I don't know. I have been watching him carefully, and I haven't been able to catch him doing anything out of the way."

"Poor child! No wonder you are worried. He must be an old hand at it, or he wouldn't be able to deceive you so skillfully."

VERY ENJOYABLE

"I met Billy Bumstead yesterday, and he told me he had just had a very pleasant visit of a couple of hours with you."

"Yes. He seemed to enjoy the visit very much. He used the entire time telling me about himself."

A BIT CATTY

"My husband tells me every day that I'm the most beautiful woman he ever saw."

"Do you believe he means it?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't he?"

"Well, I can think of more than one reason out of a million."

ALL ONE-SIDED

"You say you are not on speaking terms with your wife?"

"No. She's the only one who is on speaking terms in our family."

WARNED

"And so this is dear little Tommy?" said the pretty young lady. "Come and sit on my lap, won't you, Tommy? There now, let's be friends. And, oh Tommy, what would you think if your papa were to bring you a new mamma some day—a nice new mamma who looked just like me?"

"I wouldn't care much," said Tommy, "but grandma says if he ever makes such a fool of himself as that she'll put poison in her coffee."

ANOTHER KIND OF A GAME

"I hope," said the minister, who was staying to dinner, and being entertained by little Robert, "that you will never learn to play cards. It is a bad practice. Cards have caused the downfall of more people than almost anything else, except rum."

"But not the kind they play when father has the crowd here," Robert replied. "They are always raising somebody."

BEHIND HIS BACK

"He seems to be such an attentive husband."

"Yes. I've often noticed it. Whose wife is he attentive to at present?"

NO CAUSE FOR WORRY

"I should think you would be afraid to have your son experimenting with that aeroplane."

"Oh, I would, but he's only our adopted child, you know."

PING!

"That woman has a mouth like Cupid's bow," he said.

"Yes," she replied, "and a tongue like a poisoned arrow."

HANDY WITH ADJECTIVES

"My husband is plain-spoken. He doesn't believe in mincing words. He always calls a spade a spade."

"My husband is a good deal like that. He always calls a spade a spade, but when he gets a handful of small clubs it would surprise you to hear how many kinds of things he can call them."

TO THE POINT

THE SOFT ANSWER

"Henry," his wife declared, "you are a perfect fool."

"Well, dear," he meekly replied, "I am glad you admit that I have reached perfection in something."

FIRST AND LAST

"My grandfather," the young man said, "was one of the first to settle in these parts."

"And you," remarked his tailor, who happened to be passing, "are one of the last."

DISTINCTION

"I was born on the 29th of February."

"Remarkable."

"Yes. There are few men who have that distinction."

"Very true. Have you ever done anything else unusual?"

SIZED UP

"Well, to be candid, I suppose I am rather a gay dog. There's hardly an evening passes that I don't have a girl on my lap."

"Huh! You must be a lap dog."

To the Point

A BELIEVER

"Do you believe in heredity?"

"To some extent, yes."

"In what way, for instance?"

"Well, I believe in inheriting money."

WHY HE OBJECTED

"I've made up my mind to leave this town."

"What's the matter? Don't you like the people, or do you find it difficult to get work here?"

"Oh, the people are all right and there seems to be plenty of chances to get work, but you have such blamed poor scenery."

BENEATH HER

"There is a woman who married beneath her, and yet she was very fortunate."

"A strange case, I should say."

"Not at all. She was a stenographer on the seventeenth floor, and her husband was the head of a big firm that had offices three floors below."

FORCE OF HABIT

"Seeing that you divorced him, would it not be more proper to refer to him as your former husband rather than as your late husband?"

"I suppose it would, but I got so used to having to refer to him as my late husband, while we were married, that I don't seem to be able to break myself of the habit."

JUST BEFORE THE DIVORCE

"You used to tell me," she complained, "that there was only one girl in the world for you."

"Yes," he admitted. "You didn't happen to be the one."

TACT

"Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?" asked the boy friend.

"No, why?"

"Then let me carry your umbrella."

NO CAUSE TO WORRY

"For some reason that girl begins to giggle every time she and I are alone together."

"Don't mind that, old chap. Girls often giggle at nothing."

FINE SENTIMENT

"That's a fine sentiment Baxter has had carved on the monument he bought for his wife's first husband."

"What is it?"

"'He lived with her for seventeen years, and was sorry to die.'"

WELL KEPT

"How well she keeps her age."

"Yes—to herself."

To the Point

POINT OF VIEW

"A great deal depends on how you look at a thing."

"I know it. I nearly lost an eye once looking at a ball game through a knot-hole in a fence."

HIS MOTHER

"Mother," he said, putting his arms around her and kissing her on the brow, "I am going to marry the sweetest, the loveliest, the noblest girl in the world."

Looking up into his eyes, the good lady by a great effort managed to keep back her tears as she answered in broken tones:

"My—poor—boy!"

AN UNFOUNDED FEAR

Maid—No, ma'am, Mrs. Hughes is out.

Visitor—How fortunate! When I saw her peeping through the curtains as I came up the walk I was afraid she would be in.

HER WAY

"Mrs. Ka Flippe is down with double pneumonia."

"That woman always did go to extremes in everything."

SHATTERED IDOL

Alice—What a gallant person Mr. Dunkley is. He never address me without beginning "Fair miss."

Dorothy—Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street car conductor.

HE WANTED A SEAT

He was standing up near the middle of the car and clinging patiently to a strap. Whenever the car approached a street crossing he looked around to see if anybody intended to get off. But none of the passengers who had seats got up, and those who were standing around him clung to their straps. One street after another was passed, and the car continued to be crowded. The little man's look changed from one of mild longing to painful anxiety.

"Bmlth street," called the conductor. Nobody showed a desire to get off. "Blmff," cried the man on the back platform. It was no use. "Kablthrr," said the gentleman in charge. His announcement was unheeded. Then the little man lost patience, and after glancing at those around him, he asked:

"Say, ain't anny of youse people got homes?"

AN IMPORTANT DETAIL

"I have met a lovely girl, who tells me she will be perfectly satisfied with \$50 a week."

"With, or without?"

"With, or without what?"

"Attorney's fees."

MODIFIED AMBITION

"When I was twenty I hoped to be able to send my name thundering down the ages."

"And what is your hope, now that you are forty?"

"Well, if I can cause a bit of a rumble that will continue for a day or two I shall be highly gratified."

To the Point

A COMPLIMENT

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."

BEING THAT KIND OF A WOMAN

"I believe that woman would give her soul for a diamond necklace."

"Well, I guess she'd be getting the best of it, at that."

WHITE LIES

"Why do you call him a monumental liar?"

"He makes a living by carving epitaphs on tombstones."

HER WOMANLY CURIOSITY

"I have put aside enough money," said the bachelor of fifty-two, "to make it sure that I shall be decently buried without expense to the public."

"Why," asked the maiden who was verging on thirty-five, "do you think you ought to have decent burial?"

A STICKLER FOR PRECISION

"If you refuse me this time," he said, "I shall never ask you to be my wife again."

"Oh, please," replied the girl who was just out of college, "try to use better English. I never have been your wife. Why should you ask me to be your wife again?"

PRETTY COMPLIMENT

"I heard such a beautiful compliment for you the other night."

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes. You know Miss Punderleigh, don't you?"

"Miss Eleanor Punderleigh? I have had the pleasure of meeting her on various occasions. A very charming young lady. I was struck by her wit and beauty the first time I ever saw her."

"She remarked when some of the other girls were talking about you that you were not the fool you looked."

ONE TROUBLE ABOUT IT

"My dear," said Bounderly, "I'll tell you what let's do. We've tried about everything else in the way of stirring things up in this town; now let us have a party which shall be exclusively for the divorced people in our set."

"It would be a splendid thing, Horace, and the newspapers would probably give us a lot of space on it," his wife replied, "but you know how I hate a crush."

A WISE ANIMAL

"What a dumb looking dog that is," said the sophomore. "Why do you want to keep a mut like that?"

"He's not as dumb as he looks," replied the freshman.

"Does he do any tricks?"

"No, but he understands every word I say. When I ask him, 'Are you coming, or aren't you?' he either comes or he doesn't."

WILLING TO HELP

"How does it happen," asked the head of the firm, "that you always dress so much better than I?"

"It may be your tailor's fault," the dapper clerk replied. "If you wish I will be glad to introduce you to mine."

AN EXPLANATION

"So you have been married? Did your husband die or what?"

"The latter."

THE DIFFERENCE

"I was greatly interested last night in watching your daughter and my son dance together."

"Oh, I suppose you were. If it had been my son and your daughter I might have been interested instead of horrified."

NOT EXACTLY FAVORABLE

"Do you think your father looks with favor on my suit?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," she replied. "I heard him telling mother last night that you were a sloppy dresser."

PUTTING ON AIRS

A mule and a Ford met on the highway.

"What are you?" asked the mule.

"An automobile," answered the Ford, "and you?"

"I'm a horse," replied the mule.

HARDLY FAIR

"All's fair in love and war, you know," she said after she had refused to let him have the kiss she had promised him if he would get passes for her and her mother to attend the matinee.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but this isn't war and there's no love about it, is there?"

FATHERLY ADVICE

"And what part are you to have in this living picture show your sorority is getting up?" her father asked.

"I am to be Truth," she replied.

"Well, don't pose in your regular clothes, or you may be mistaken for the naked Truth."

NOT MUCH OF AN ARGUMENT

"After all," said the optimist, "you must admit that this is the best world you have ever been in."

"Yes," replied the pessimist; "but, hang it, my wife is the best wife I've ever had, and that's not saying much for her."

WHO COULD DOUBT IT?

"No, I don't want such low heels," said the woman who was buying a pair of shoes.

"I should think you would prefer that kind," the clerk replied. "They make you look sensible."

"That's the trouble. I am."

AN EXCEPTION

"A man always suffers when he hunts for trouble," said the amateur philosopher."

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied the professional cynic. "How about the dentist?"

KEPT HER WORD

"You told me you'd be down in a minute," he complained, after she had kept him waiting for nearly an hour.

"Well," she replied, "that's all right. I didn't tell you what minute."

WANTS FASTER COMPANY

"And your wife wants to move? What's the matter?"

"Well, since they've raised my salary it's no trouble for us to keep up with our present neighbors."

HE KNEW HER WHEN

"Have you known her long?"

"Yes, quite a while. I can remember when she wore skirts that came away below her knees."

DRUMMING UP TRADE

"A man called while you were out," said his stenographer.

"Did he look as if he'd come on business?"

"Yes. He told me to tell you that he had a friend who was a purser on a French ship, and that he'd be back this afternoon."

THE PLAY'S THE THING

A GREAT MOMENT

Suddenly the beautifully dressed young woman laid one of her hands upon the arm of the young millionaire who sat beside her.

The great audience was hushed.

The lights were low.

It was an impressive moment.

The great French actress was speaking in low, impressive tones.

Leaning toward his lovely companion, the young man waited for her to explain why she had wished to draw his attention from the stage.

In a whisper that betrayed her emotion she said:

"I've just understood six words in a row."

A GLORIOUS PART

"At last," explained the low comedian, "I have a part that just suits me."

"Good," said the first old lady. "You are the only actor I ever knew who was thoroughly satisfied with his part. What is it?"

"Oh, the part isn't much, as far as that goes, but I'm supposed to be a burglar, and I break into a pantry and eat a real meal at every performance."

MOTHERLY CARE

"Mother," she said, "pray, hear my plea:
May I go to the new sex play?
Harry has kindly invited me,
And it's scandalous, so they say."

"Yes, my child, of course you may go;
Why shouldn't you? It'll be grand;
You'll merely have to pretend, you know,
That you're pure, and don't understand."

SWINDLED

"I saw you and your husband at the play last night, Mrs. Wedgecomb. How did you like it?"

"I'm sorry we wasted our money on it. Several people told me I would be shocked, but I wasn't."

SOMETHING TO BOAST ABOUT

"I come of an old theatrical family," boasted the tragedian. "My father played 'Hamlet' for thirty years."

"That's nothing," replied the comedian, "my grandmother played Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for more than forty consecutive seasons."

FEW LAUGHS IN IT

"I went to see 'Macbeth' last night."

"What did you think of it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, it wasn't half as funny as a burlesque of it that I saw several years ago."

SHE COULDN'T THINK OF IT

"Why," asked the manager, "don't you want this part? It is just the thing for you. It will give you a chance to make the greatest hit of your life. You will have some of the cleverest lines I ever read, and there will be a fine chance to exhibit your emotional powers."

"Yes," replied the actress who for fifteen years had been regarded as one of the most beautiful women on the American stage, "but the costumes I should have to wear would give me no chance to show that I have reduced my weight more than 30 pounds."

WOULD TAKE ALL THE PROFITS

"I see," said the manager, "that your stage directions provide for the breaking of a real egg in the second act."

"Yes," replied the ambitious young dramatist. "It will add a touch of realism."

"It may add realism all right, but if you expect to draw any royalties from the piece you'd better cut out the egg."

DULY QUALIFIED

"I believe I'll open a dramatic school," said the seedy-looking man.

"Why? You never have been on the stage, have you?" asked the preacher.

"No."

"Then how do you expect to be able to teach people to act?"

"It's simple enough. You're teaching people how to be angels, aren't you? Have you ever been in heaven?"

EASILY ADJUSTED

"But," objected the theatrical manager's assistant, "I am afraid it will be a mistake to take our great western drama out through the West. Do you think the people there will appreciate it?"

"Oh, we can advertise it as an eastern society play and let the actors wear evening clothes instead of chaps and cowboy hats."

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

A company headed by one of the eminent tragedians who in bygone seasons toured the country was giving an elaborate presentation of "King Lear." After the scene between the demented king and his daughter Goneril, a pompous looking matron in a private box turned to another lady of large weight and bejeweled splendor, and, in tones that could be heard all over the house, said:

"Rather an unpleasant family, these Lears!"

GETTING ON THE SAFE SIDE

"I have found it necessary," said the manager of the Burbage Dramatic Company, "to change our bill for to-night. We will give, 'A Wife in Name Only.'"

"Why," demanded his leading tragedian, "does it become necessary to substitute such a tawdry thing as that for the noble tragedy which we have been rehearsing? Why am I to be denied the privilege of appearing here as Hamlet?"

"The town constable has been quarantined and we can't have police protection."

HIS BIG HIT

A number of actors were discussing their art and recalling the "hits" they had made.

"I think the biggest hit I ever made," said one, "was in Julius Cæsar, when I played with Booth. I had been playing a minor part until one evening the artist who had the rôle of Marc Antony was taken sick suddenly, and I was given that part. Gentlemen, when I had finished the funeral oration there was hardly a dry eye in the house."

Several others told thrilling stories of the manner in which they had moved audiences, and finally a man who looked more like a discouraged hack driver than an actor got a chance to speak.

"I'll never forget one night," he said, "when I was playing with Richard Mansfield. I caused the entire audience to rise to its feet and cheer."

"What part did you have?" he was asked.

"It wasn't much of a part. But it was on an election night, and they let me read a bulletin announcing that Roosevelt had carried his home precinct by a majority of over six to one."

MUCH-NEEDED AND LONG FELT

"There's one thing we need in this country, and there will be a fortune in it when it is perfected."

"What is it?"

"Some kind of a device whereby people may be able to tell just how much to applaud when they want to make the entertainer feel good, without causing him or her, as the case may be, to mistake the demonstration for an encore."

ONLY ONE COURSE LEFT

"I've had four divorces, been sued twice for alienating affections, had my jewelry stolen several times, been arrested for speeding, and caused one man to commit suicide. I don't know of anything else I can do to attract attention."

"Why not learn to act a little?" the manager replied.

BECOMING PARTICULAR

"No," she said, "I don't think I'd like that part. I have no desire to appear as a woman with a past."

"Then you object to it on the moral side?" replied the producer.

"No. On the immoral side, if you get what I mean. If I did it, the critics would all say I had at last found a part that fitted me exactly."

GIVING HER A CHANCE

It was the twentieth time she had bluffed her way into his office.

"I'm just crazy to be in this new show you're putting on, Mr. Bumgarden," she said.

"I believe you," he replied.

"I'd do anything, to have a part in it."

He looked her over carefully, and then said:

"Well, jump out of that window, then come back up here, and I'll see what I can do for you."

THE RADIO

SHE RECOGNIZED THE SOUND

IN a family where a new radio was installed the excitement spread even to the kitchen, and induced the colored cook to peep in at intervals. Once, says Collier's, when she was bobbing back, abashed, her kindly mistress told her to come in, if she liked, and listen.

"It's the church service, but I don't know what denomination," explained the lady of the house.

The servant listened delightedly, and then when the service could hardly be distinguished from various other sounds, her face cleared with the light of discovery.

"That must be static," the mistress was saying, when Molly interrupted:

"Oh, no'm—dey's done got religion."

THE BEST HE COULD MAKE OF IT

"What is the most distant station you ever got on your radio?" asked the Englishman.

"Hell," replied the Yankee.

"Oh, but that couldn't be possible, sir."

"Well, the broadcaster I heard sounded like the devil, anyhow."

SLIGHTLY MIXED UP

A young bride asked her husband to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best, says the *Boston Transcript*, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

HIS FEAR CAME TRUE

"How do you like this pudding, dear?" his wife asked. "I got the recipe over the radio."

"I had a feeling when I got it," he replied, "that I'd be sorry I ever had that thing put in the house."

POORLY TRAINED

"My wife doesn't like the loud speaker I've got."

"What seems to be the matter with it?"

"It keeps right on interrupting when she's trying to talk."

TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Teacher: Johnny, name a bird that is now extinct.

Johnny: Our canary. The cat extincted him this morning.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS

Teacher: Johnny, can you tell me what is wrong with this sentence? The horse and cow is in the field.

Johnny: Yes, ma'am. Ladies should come first.

A BUSY BIRD

Teacher: Johnny, what domestic bird cannot fly, has to scratch for his food, and is the first one you hear in the morning?

Johnny: My dad, ma'am.

HER WONDERFUL CHILD

"Oh, Vicar, I must show you Clarence's school report—it's such a splendid one! You'll see the Headmaster says he's the most perfunctory boy at his work that he's ever had in the school!"

A DIRECTOR WHO BELIEVED IN DIRECTING

A school director who was making a tour of inspection, hearing loud noises in a room adjoining the one in which he had been pursuing his inquiries, finally opened the door and rushed in. Seeing a boy who was taller than the others, and who was talking loudly, the director caught him by the collar, dragged him into the other room, and shoved him into a chair, saying, "Now, sit there and be quiet!"

Ten minutes later a small head appeared at the door, and a meek little voice said, "Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

A REASONABLE QUESTION

A professor of chemistry in a well-known college was extremely hard of hearing and just as extremely anxious to conceal his infirmity. It was a habit of his never to have a student repeat anything; he always pretended to have heard aright the first time.

One day, after explaining a reaction on the blackboard, the professor asked if anyone wished to ask any further questions. One of the boys picked up the pointer, and indicated a stage in the formula.

"What I want to know," he shouted, and then suddenly dropped his voice to a conversational tone as he moved the pointer over the successive steps of the problem, "is why they let such an old fool as you teach something you don't know beans about."

The class burst into a laugh, and the professor, turning upon them a reproving glance, said, "I can see no reason for amusement. That is a perfectly sensible question."

THE ASTOUNDED BULBUL

"Lulu," said the teacher, "a bulbul is a bird. See if you can write a little rhyme containing the word 'bulbul.'"

In less than half an hour Lulu, the child poet, offered this:

"The bulbul sits upon the fence,
And, sitting there, is full
Of wonderment at the immense
Proportions of the bull."

A TIMID LAD

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day, he carried the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher, Our sweet, little Percival is a delicate, nervous child, and if he is naughty at times—just punish the boy next to him, and that will frighten him so he'll be good."

IN A BAD WAY

"What is the matter?" asked the kind old lady.

"I was kept after school," replied the boy with the tear-stained cheeks.

"I'm so sorry. What was your trouble?"

"Rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

"Oh, but that can't be so. Surely you haven't got all those things."

"No. I couldn't spell them."

THE TITLE HUNTERS

A BAD BARGAIN

"Why are you so disheartened, Mrs. Mullions? I should think you'd be the happiest woman in the world. Isn't your daughter engaged to a baron?"

"Yes, but we've just heard of a lovely count that we could have got for the same price."

WHY?

"I am afraid," said the beautiful heiress, "that you want me only for the fortune which I shall have."

"Do you really fear that?" asked the baron.

"Yes, to be candid—very often."

"But why look on the dark side of things?"

TOO PRECIOUS TO BE LOST

"Darling," said the count, "I have loved you from the moment I first feasted my eyes upon you."

"It is very kind of you to say so," replied the daughter of the American millionaire, "but I am compelled to inform you that I wouldn't give ten cents to become a countess."

"Well, please don't engage yourself to anybody else until I can communicate with my brother, who is a marquis. We must get you into our family somehow."

SORROWS OF THE RICH

"But," the titled foreigner complained, "there is no reason why your father should not settle at least \$5,000,000 on us. You promised when we first talked the matter over that he would give us that much at least."

"I know I did," the beautiful heiress sadly replied, "but I didn't know then that it was going to take so much to buy off the actress who was going to sue Brother Jack for breach of promise."

A SAFE PREDICTION

"Gertrude says that titled Frenchman is a knockout."

"Yes, it looks as if she were going to take the count."

HER PREFERENCE

"So your sister has thrown over the poor young bank teller, and is going to marry the duke? What's the idea?"

"She says she has heard love in a cottage well spoken of, but she prefers passion in a palace."

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT

"I am a descendant of a hundred earls," he said.

"Goodness!" replied the heiress who had just consented to be his, "and yet you claim that your mother was a respectable woman."

TOUCHES OF COLOR

A RECREANT ORB

One broiling August day an aged colored man, who was pushing a barrow of bricks, paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, looking toward the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' de land's sake, whar wuz yuh last Janooary?"

FOOLISH WORM

De eahly buhd he cotch de wuhm—
Leas' ways dat what I heahd—
Which show de wuhm ain' got no head,
Foh if he had he'd stay in bed
En fool de eahly buhd.

A TIME FOR SAVING BREATH

Two colored gentlemen who had reasons for getting as far away as possible from a pursuing mob were proceeding side-by-side.

"They's a lot o' shootin' goin' on back in the reah," said one.

"Yes," the other replied, "and some of them bullets is goin' to ketch up with us if us stops to do any needless conversin'."

BY WAY OF A SEND-OFF

"Sistah Jones, I'se takin' up a collection fo' de benefit of our pastah," said one of the brethren. "You know, he's leavin' us fo' to take a church down in Mobile, an' we thought we'd get together and give him a little momentum."

ON THE SAFE SIDE

"Have you taken every precaution," asked the inspector from the Health Department, "to prevent the spread of contagion in your family?"

"Absotively," replied Mr. Buckingham Bradshaw. "I bought one of dem samitary cups, and de whole fambly uses it."

HE NEVER TOLD HIS LOVE

Alabama H. Watts had been sentenced to pay the extreme penalty for having killed the husband of Juliet Blossom, with whom he was in love. Standing upon the scaffold, he beheld Juliet among those who were attending the exercises.

With the sheriff's consent, Alabama addressed the lady.

"Juliet," he said, "Ah'm shuah sorry this has happened. Ah wasn't meanin' to kill him—not by no means. Ah jus' wanted to soht of convince him that he was in the way, and mebby inn duce him to leave foh otheh pahts. You know, Juliet, Ah always did think you all was the sweetest of youah sex, and befoh anything futteh happens to me Ah want you all to——"

"Git hung, niggeh, git hung!" Juliet interrupted, and he did.

A LITTLE DOUBTFUL

Wishing to say something good about the departed, the colored minister stood beside the grave at which the crowd had gathered, and gave utterance to this solemn sentiment:

"Lije Johnsing, you is gone, and us all hopes you is where us is afraid you ain't."

HE MISSED SOMETHING

"Did you all git them flowahs I sent you?" asked the colored beau, addressing the dusky lady of his heart.

"I didn't git nothin' else," she replied.

"Did they smell good?"

"They didn't smell nothin' else."

"And did you wear them flowahs?"

"I didn't wear nothin' else."

"You didn't? I wish I had 'a' brought them to you mahsef."

A SWIFT TRAVELER

"Stop," commanded an officer, who loomed up in front of a colored soldier who was on his way back from the front. "Where are you going?"

"Boss, I don't know jus' where I's goin', but I want to be travelin'. Don' you heah them shells bustin' up theah? It's awful. Eve'ybody's gittin' killed. Lemme pass."

"Turn around, you black rascal, and go back where you belong. Don't you see that I'm an officer?"

"Yeah, I see you's an officeh. What officeh is you?"

"I'm a brigadier general."

"My Gawd! I didn't have no idee I'd run that fah."

WHEN A MISS WAS AS BAD AS A MILE

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, having addressed a political meeting in one of the small towns of that state, was anxious to catch the next train for Richmond. It was more than a mile to the station; the train was due in in a few minutes, and the Senator could find no conveyance except one that was operated by an elderly colored man, who drove an aged horse attached to an ancient hack of the seagoing variety.

"Mose," the statesman asked, "can you get me to the station in time to catch the train for Richmond?"

"Ah reckon Ah can, Senatuh," Mose replied, whereupon the eminent Virginian got into the hack and urged Mose to be on the way as fast as possible.

The hackman pushed on the reins, but his horse was weary and not inclined to break any speed regulations.

"Hurry," the Senator directed, "or I shall not be in time to catch my train."

"Don't worry, Mistuh Senatuh, Ah'll cotch dat train shuah."

A moment later the senator admonished Mose again, expressing doubts about the possibility of reaching the station in time for the train unless better time could be made than they were making. Mose continued to be optimistic, and promised that connections would be made.

Meanwhile the old horse proceeded at a slow and painful trot, and the Senator's anxiety increased with every passing moment. He threatened and he pleaded, but to no purpose. The driver used his whip without effecting a noticeable increase of speed, but always promising cheerfully that the Senator would catch the train.

Finally they got within sight of the station. The train

had arrived, and it pulled out when they were still a hundred and fifty yards away.

"There, confound your black hide, "exclaimed the exasperated statesman, "I told you you wouldn't make it!"

"Yassuh, Senatuh, you shuah did, but you gotta admit Ah almost done it."

UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF THE COURT

Eph Johnsing, a gentleman of color, had frequently appeared in court on charges of wife-beating. His promise to reform had finally ceased to have any weight with the Judge, who ordered him to stand up.

"Now, Eph," said the solemn jurist, "I'm not going to be patient with you any longer. If you are brought back here again within one year from today for beating your wife I will send you to jail. Remember, one whole year! I shall not knock off a single day. Do you think you can be good for a year, or shall I send you to jail now?"

Eph promised to keep the peace for a year, and was permitted to go his way. Time passed, and it began to look as if the Judge had at last succeeded in making the necessary impression upon the culprit, but when about ten months had elapsed Mr. Johnsing showed up in court again, to answer to the same old charge.

"What did I tell you, Eph?" the Judge demanded. "Your year isn't up, and here you are!"

"Judge," Eph pleaded, "Ah can 'splain it all. Ah tried my best, and Ah would of got thoo all right if mah old woman hadn't insulted you, Judge. She threw a ladle at me, and said: 'You cain't tetch me because that bald-haired Jedge up yondah will put you all in jail, lessen you wait foh a whole yeah.' Jedge, Ah didn't mind foh mahsef, but when she insulted you all, Ah jes could'n' hold out no longeh."

ANOTHER KIND OF INSECTS

Two negroes had been surprised while robbing a hen farm of chickens. Running along the road, putting the farm as far behind them as possible, one negro remarked to the other:

"Rastus, what for all dem flies follow us?"

"Flies, nigger?" replied the other, "dems not flies, dem's buckshot."

RATHER WEARY

After coming in from a twenty-mile "hike" the officer in command of a negro company said, before dismissing them; "I want all the men who are too tired to take another hike to take two paces forward."

All stepped forward except one husky six-footer. Noticing him, the officer said:

"Well, Johnson, ready for twenty miles more?"

"No, sah," replied Johnson, "Ah'm too tired to even take dem two steps."

ALL IN GOOD TIME

"Am dere anybody in de congregation what wishes prayer for deir failin's?" asked the colored minister.

"Yassuh," responded Brother Jones. "Ah's a spen'thrif', an' Ah throws mah money 'round reckless like."

"Ve'y well. We will join in prayer fo' Brotheh Jones—jes' afteh de collection plate have been passed."

VENTURES INTO POLITICS

CONFESSED AT LAST

"I still have confidence in the people," shouted the politician, in a final burst of eloquence.

"Good!" yelled the red-headed disturber at the rear of the hall. "I've always claimed you were a confidence man."

HONORS WELL WON

"I cannot understand why the papers are publishing such eulogistic obituaries of old Windigratz. What did he ever do to deserve the praise he is getting? He was in congress for 20 years, but the record he made there is almost blank."

"You forget, sir, that he was one of the greatest corner stone layers this country has ever had."

HIS CONVICTIONS

"I notice, senator," said the beautiful girl, "that you are advocating a good many things which you said four years ago would ruin the country."

"Yes."

"What has caused you to believe in them?"

"I don't believe in them; but the public seems to."

THE EASIER PART

"Well," said the defeated candidate, "I'm rather glad I wasn't elected."

"That's the old, old story," replied the scoffer.

"But I mean what I say. Now I shall not have to keep any of the promises I made during the campaign."

IMPORTANT POINT

"I intend," said the candidate, "to give this city a business administration. I have, as you all know, been engaged in business here for twenty years. I have been successful, if I may be permitted to say so, and I think you will agree with me when I say that a man who has been able to build up an important business of his own ought to be able to administer the public's affairs as they should be administered."

"Yes," replied a man in the audience, "your theory is absolutely sound, but I'd like to ask you one thing. Are you going to be willing to quit giving us a business administration when we get tired of it?"

PREPARING FOR ORATORY

"Please tell me something," said the candidate for congress, addressing the editor of the local paper.

"I'll be glad to, if I can."

"What is the meaning of insouciance? It's my favorite word."

A LONG RUN

"And what," asked the man who had returned to the old town, after an absence of twenty years, "is Bill Hicks doing?"

"Still running for sheriff," the old inhabitant replied.

NO REASON TO DOUBT IT

"My voice is always raised for liberty," boasted the candidate.

"I guessed as much when I heard you complaining last night because your wife wouldn't let you go to the Elks' stag," his opponent replied.

HIS FUTURE SECURE

"You have been in public office so long now that I don't suppose you would know where to turn if you got out."

"Oh, yes, I would," replied politician. "I've got something on nearly every man in this town."

HIS OWN FAULT

Dunkley's dog had nipped the alderman in the leg, and the alderman had gone to Dunkley to demand satisfaction.

"I'm very sorry," said Dunkley.

"But being sorry doesn't mend matters. Do you know who I am? I'm Alderman Billings."

"Gee," Dunkley replied, "why didn't you tell that to the dog?"

IMMATERIAL NOW

"What's the difference between Socialism and Communism?" asked Rafferty.

"Well, they's a lot of difference," replied Clancy. "Socialism makes everybody sociable, but where you have Communism you're all common. Now which are you for?"

"Oh, I dunno. What's the good of bein' sociable when there ain't anny saloons left?"

WARRIORS BOLD

GREETED BY THE LIEUTENANT

"I thought you told me," said the new recruit, "that I mustn't expect any of the officers to speak to me when I met them."

"That's right," replied the sergeant.

"Lieutenant Flagler spoke to me this morning. I was crossin' the parade ground when I seen him comin'. So I stopped and took off my hat, waitin' for him to go by."

"Yes? What did he say?"

"He says: 'Put on your hat. Here comes a woodpecker.'"

THRILLING EXPERIENCES

"Colonel," asked the beautiful young widow, "have you ever actually sniffed the smoke of battle?"

"No," replied the gallant member of the governor's staff, "but I have carried the powder of many a conflict on my shoulder."

WILLING TO LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE

"General," asked the innocent young thing, "have you written your memoirs?"

"No," replied the grizzled warrior, "other people have written so well about the things I did that I don't want to wrong my family by risking it myself."

A LUCKY INSPIRATION

McNulty, of the A. E. F. was on sentry duty in France when he saw a figure approaching in the dark.

"Halt!" he ordered. "Who goes there?"

"Pershing," said the prowler.

Whang! The butt of the sentry's rifle came down on the other's head.

"Why didn't you tell me it was you?" McNulty asked, when he saw that he had knocked down his friend O'Reilly.

"If you'd do this to Pershing," replied O'Reilly, rubbing his head, "it's lucky I didn't tell you it was only me."

UNEARNED ADVANCEMENT

"You seem to be greatly pleased at something."

"I am. I met Beggs a little while ago. He began by calling me captain; then he bestowed the title of colonel on me and finally promoted me to be a general. Then I succeeded in escaping from him before he had a chance to ask me for money."

THE BEST THAT COULD BE DONE

While the Battle of the Argonne was in progress a major, hurrying toward the rear, came upon a badly frightened private, who was half-hidden in a hole behind a tree. The major stopped, and while he was trying to catch his breath the private said:

"I couldn't help it! I couldn't help it, Major."

"Come out of there!" the Major commanded.

"I can't," the private replied. "One of my legs is gone."

"Well, then, move over, and make room for two."

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

During the World War one of the great steamships that was used as a transport for soldiers was on her way across when a torpedo boat was sighted. In anticipation of the danger they were in, all on board were lined up on deck.

There was a deathly hush for an instant, when suddenly from down the line a negro's voice rang out: "Is dar ennybody heah dat wants to buy a gold watch and chain?"

HE FOUND IT USEFUL

"Officer," said the nice old lady, "will you please tell me what that strap under your chin is for?"

"That," replied the gallant officer, "is to hold up my jaw when it gets tired answering silly questions."

A LUCKY SOLDIER

It was war time. Seeing a khaki-clad figure passing, the private called out:

"Hey, Buddie, gimme a light."

The other obligingly held out a burning match.

The doughboy, looking up to thank his "buddie," discovered to his amazement the star of a brigadier.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "I didn't mean any disrespect. I didn't notice you was a general."

"That's all right, Buddie," said the General, "but you should thank God I wasn't a second lieutenant."

WOMEN'S DRESS

NOT WHAT SHE WANTED

He had finally struck the market right, and, with his pockets bulging, he hurried home.

Handing his wife a big roll of bills, he said:

"Now, my dear, you can go out and buy yourself some decent clothes."

"I'll not do anything of the kind," she replied. "I'm going to be in style for once."

THAT "WE" STUFF

"How do you manage," her aunt asked, "to dress so well on your husband's salary?"

"Oh," she replied, "we economize on other things. George has given up smoking, and resigned from his fraternity, and he has found several old suits that he can still wear, and he is perfectly satisfied with a bowl of soup for his lunch."

HARDLY A THRILL IN IT

"Did you have a pleasant time at the Goodwin's weekend party?" her friend asked.

"It was rather dull," she replied. "There was hardly a man there who took any notice of my knees."

OH, ARTHUR!

"Children," said the pretty young teacher, "we will take up the word Moron. A moron is a grown-up person who has the mind of a child. Arthur, will you please form a sentence containing the word moron?"

"If I was in your place I wouldn't go out in the street without moron," Arthur suggested.

NOTHING TO FEAR

Miss Prim, out on a walk for her health, came suddenly to the bank of a stream in which several boys were swimming.

"Boys," she demanded, "isn't it against the law to swim here without anything on?"

"I don't know," replied one of them, "but come on in, if you want to. We won't tell anybody."

MOTHERLY ADVICE

While he was waiting for her to get ready he heard her calling:

"Mother, which dress do you think I ought to wear this evening?"

"Oh," her mother replied, "I think you'd better wear that long one, which comes almost to your knees."

QUITE ALL RIGHT

"Don't you think," she asked, "that a man ought to stand uncovered while he is talking to a lady?"

"Well," he replied, "I can't see any harm in it, as long as the lady is practically uncovered, too."

WORKING AND LOAFING

IT'S OFTEN MADE

"How did you lose your job?" his wife asked.

"Well, I made a little mistake."

"I shouldn't think they'd discharge you for one little mistake."

"But they did."

"What was it?"

"I thought they couldn't get along without me."

SHE WAS WILLING

"If this happens again," said the boss, "I'll have to hire somebody else."

"I wish you would," replied the stenographer, who was two hours late in bringing her letters in to be signed.

"There's plenty of work to keep two of us busy."

HIS ONE DISLIKE

"Your husband has an amiable disposition, Mrs. Brown. I don't think I've ever heard him say a harsh word about anybody or anything."

"Yes. There's only one thing he hates."

"What is that?"

"Work."

ON THE DOWNWARD COURSE

"There's a man who's industrious, but he'll never be able to work his way to the top."

"Why not?"

"He's a well digger."

A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY

"Has your son a responsible job?"

"Oh, yes, very. He is an office boy for a poet."

"I shouldn't think that would be very responsible."

"But it is. Johnny is held responsible for every collector that gets in."

DISCOVERED TOO LATE

When Buffalo Bill was in the show business he had a press agent who did not seem to be getting as much free publicity for the famous showman as the latter thought he ought to be getting. Accordingly, he gave the press agent notice that his services would no longer be required.

After he had recovered somewhat from the shock, the press agent asked whether he could have a letter of recommendation.

"Yes, certainly," was the answer. "Go ahead and write the kind of a letter you want, and I'll sign it. I'm not much good at such things."

When the press agent returned with the letter he had written, Buffalo Bill read it carefully, and, as he was preparing to sign it, said:

"If I'd had any idea you were as good as it says you are here I'd never have fired you."

THE CLERK'S MISTAKE

After she had looked at nearly everything in the shop, without having made a purchase, she started away.

"Wait a moment, please," said the clerk, "Won't you please leave your figures?"

"Figures? What do you mean?"

"I thought you were taking an inventory of our stock."

NOT IN HIS LINE

"So you're looking for a job?"

"Yes."

"I think if you'll run around to the Eagle Laundry they'll put you on. I hear they want a man."

"But I ain't ever had any practice washin' eagles."

HIS LESSON WELL LEARNED

Ole Olson had been working as an engine wiper, and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as this:

"Now, Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the waste, either—that's getting expensive, too."

When Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility as an engineman he was asked:

"Suppose you are on your engine on a single track. You go around a curve, and you see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"

"I grab the oil-can; I grab the waste—and I yump," Ole replied.

ONE IN THE PLACE WAS ENOUGH

"Smithers," said the head of a large organization, addressing a young man who had recently been devoting more of his attention to golf than to business, "you will have to change your habits if you expect to remain in the service of this company. I understand that you were away two afternoons last week."

"Well," Smithers replied, "you were away three afternoons yourself, I believe."

"Young man, are you the president of this concern?"

"Certainly not."

"Then don't be a damned fool."

SPEED NOT NECESSARY

"Did I understand you to say that your daughter had already secured a position as a stenographer? I'm so glad to hear it. How sorry I was when they told me your husband's insurance was not large enough to enable you to live in the style to which you had been accustomed and that it would be necessary for Gertrude to go to work. But I thought shorthand was something which was hard to learn. She's only been studying it for a few weeks, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but we feel sure that she'll be able to get along all right. The man she works for stutters."

AN APT PUPIL

"So you want a job here as office boy?" said the real estate agent. Do you ever tell lies?"

"No," the boy replied, "but I'm sure I can soon learn."

ENTITLED TO A LARGE WAD

"I hear Binkum is suing the company for damages."

"Yep."

"What happened to him?"

"The quittin' whistle blew when he was half-way up a ladder, and he dislocated his knee gettin' down."

AT DAWNING

"I love to hear the alarm clock in the morning. I am unable to understand those who cannot bear the sound of it, and who each morning are impelled anew to hurl it out of the window or smother it under the bedclothes—just to sleep another half-hour.

"For me the alarm clock is the symbol of life; it is a signal that the great city reawakens, that a new day begins, that streets and houses are filled again with pulsating existence.

"I love to hear the alarm clock in the morning. I am a night-watchman."

THE ONLY TROUBLE

"There's always one trouble with these books that tell you how to succeed."

"What's that?"

"I've never found one yet that showed me how to get along without working."

NOT WHAT HE WANTED

"Young man, if you will work hard you will be bound to rise."

"Yes, I've heard that often; but don't you know of any easier way?"

ON THE SIDE OF THE BOSSES

"The Talmud says, 'Love the man who maketh thee see thy faults, rather than him that praiseth thee continuously.'"

"Now I know why some people think the Talmud is a boss book."

CAUTIOUS

"Are you looking for work?" asked the good old lady.

"Have you anything around here to do?" the ragged man replied.

"No, not a thing."

"Yes, I'm lookin' fer work. Could you give me a good meal? I'll work it out when you have somethin' to do."

A LIFE JOB

"A woman who marries a man to reform him has one advantage."

"What's that?"

"She needn't spend any time being afraid that she's going to lose her job."

PURSUING A SAFE COURSE

"What does he do for a living?"

"Oh, he just behaves himself. He married a rich widow."

THE END

